

THE MOUND



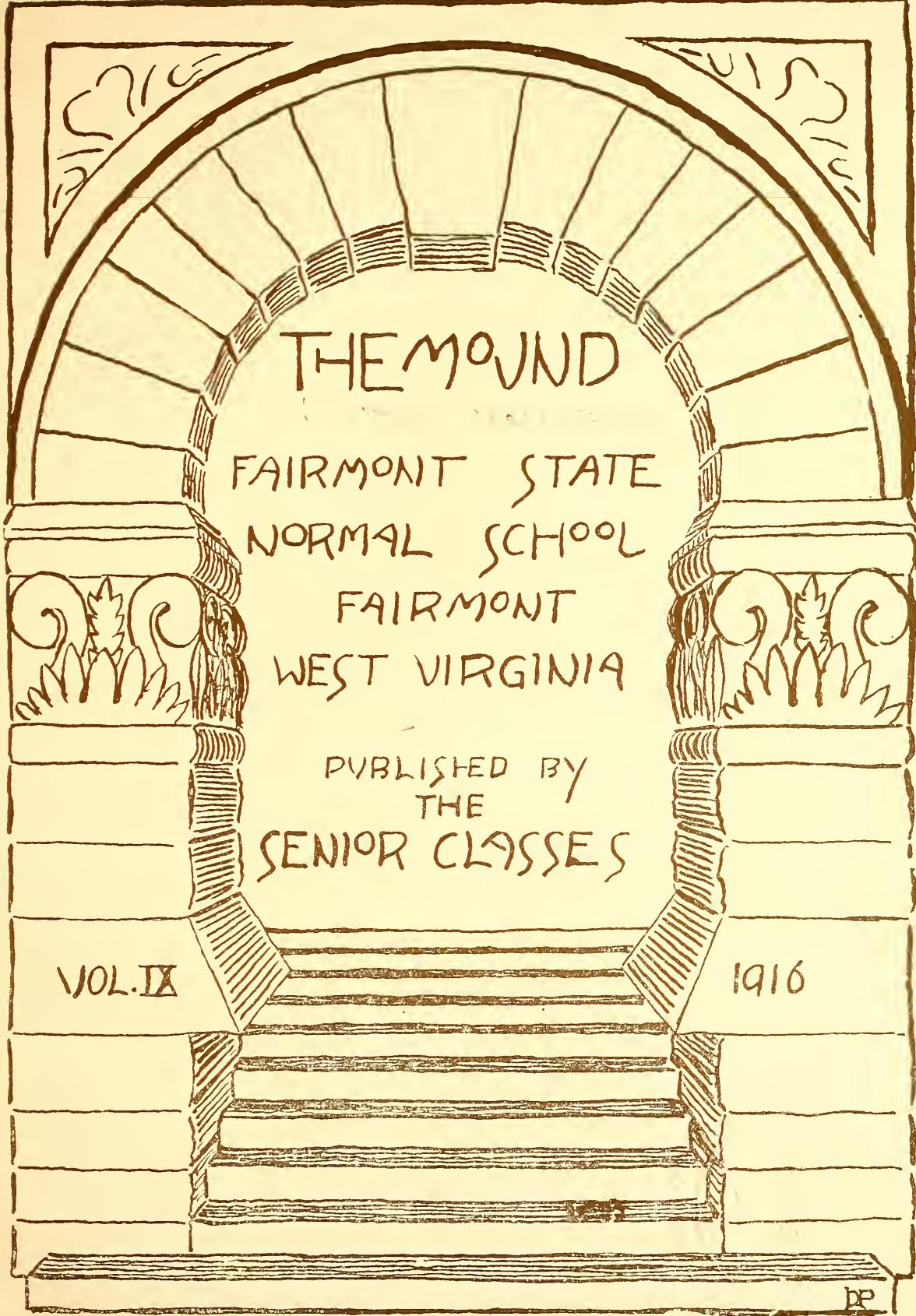






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THE MOUND

FAIRMONT STATE
NORMAL SCHOOL
FAIRMONT
WEST VIRGINIA

PUBLISHED BY
THE
SENIOR CLASSES

VOL. IX

1916

DP

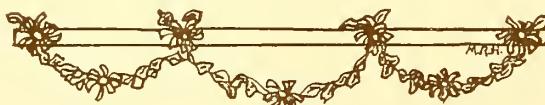
FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FOREWORD

IT has been the aim of the Mound Board to make this book an epitome of the school life of 1915-16. We have tried to make it contain the things that we, as alumni of the Fairmont State Normal, will like to remember long after our school days are over. In reality, we have striven to make it a "memory book" for every student.

We have not taken lightly the confidence reposed in us by the Senior Classes in electing us as the Mound Board, but have done our very best to make it a success. That it may not be a disappointment to them and be a credit to the school, is the sincere wish of The Board.

Editor.



RB

File no



Madly rushed the Tygarts Valley,
Softly crept the West Fork River,

Till they met and flowed together,
Henceforth as the Monongahela.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

J. M. JACOBS

J. M. JACOBS was born near Little Falls, Monongalia County, West Virginia, July 16, 1860. He grew up on a farm in his native county, attending the public schools during the winter months, and doing farm work in the summer and fall.

From 1879 to 1881, he taught school in Clinton District, Monongalia County, and later attended select schools at Smithtown and Mt. Harmony.

From 1884 to 1895, he was a merchant, railroad agent and postmaster at Little Falls.

Since coming to Fairmont, he has been active in the mercantile business, and, today, is President of The Fairmont Mold & Foundry Company, and Manager and Treasurer of The Jacobs-Hutchinson Hardware Company, who do a large wholesale hardware business in this city.

Mr. Jacobs served his State as member of the House of Delegates in 1907, and in the special session of 1908. He was prominent in some of the most important committees in these two sessions.

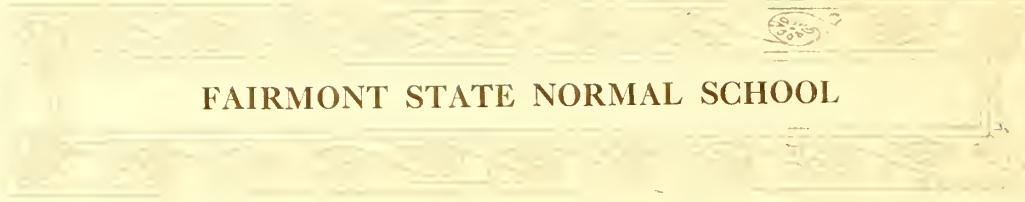
He served on the Building Committee of the Y. M. C. A. and the First M. E. Church of this city, and is, today, a director and trustee in these institutions. He was Secretary of the Fairmont Board of Trade, and is an active member of the Fairmont Chamber of Commerce, a Director and Vice-President of Cook's Hospital Company, and a Director of the First National Bank of Fairmont.

Mr. Jacobs has always been a warm friend of the Fairmont State Normal School. His son and two daughters are graduates of the school, and over two hundred young lady students of this institution have been members of his Sunday School class during the past few years.

For his splendid loyalty and helpfulness to our school, we dedicate to him, this, the 1916 Mound, hoping that he may be spared many years of service to the various institutions and business interests that make West Virginia, our native State, a bigger and better commonwealth, for, as a result of these things, do we, the students of Fairmont State Normal, enjoy the best in life.







FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Fairmont State Normal School

Flower, Yellow and White Daisy

Colors, Yellow and White



Fairmont, We Cheer You

HAIL to the Fairmont Normal School!
Hail to the Fairmont Normal School!!
Come and join us in our song of praise,
For this our school we cheer!
Hear all our old Alumni sing,
Here all their fondest memories cling,
Round their Alma Mater
Which is to them so dear,
Come praise the Normal, one and all;
Come be all loyal students,
Come hear her call!
Raise now her banner yellow and white
And let her colors ever stand to us for right.

Chorus

Fairmont State Normal School!
We cheer you! We cheer you!
You are the finest school
In all old West Virginia!
We sing of your glories all,
Both faculty and students,
And all who hearken to your call,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

EVOLUTION OF THE F. S. N. S.

Evolution of the Fairmont State Normal School

HE history of the Fairmont State Normal School divides itself into three distinct periods of development, and each period culminates in the out-growth of its home and the consequent provision of better buildings and facilities. Now that we are again about to leave our "outgrown shell" for a larger and grander one, it is with no little interest that we review the history of our school.

In the year 1867, through the efforts of Dr. Wm. White, State Superintendent of Schools, and ex-Governor A. B. Fleming, the first step toward the establishment of a Normal School at Fairmont was taken, when the Legislature appropriated the "vast" amount of \$5000 "for the purpose of training teachers in the improved methods of instruction and discipline adopted in the schools of other States." On this "enormous" sum, the Normal began its work in a building on the corner where the Wotson Hotel now stands, and in later years known as the "Old Shot Tower."

In the very beginning, the Normal School started out to be what it is now, primarily a school for the training of teachers, for we find that, by act of the Legislature, the Independent District of Fairmont was authorized to send part of the pupils in its district to the "Model School" of the Normal. In the school's first published catalogue, we find that two courses were offered, namely: the Elementary Normal Course and the Professional Normal Course, the latter not unlike our modern plan of Normal training. But, for some unknown reason, a chasm gradually formed between the Normal and Public School system. The "Model School" was abolished, and for several years, it was a Normal School in name only.

This fact, however, did not detract from the interest of the public in the school. In the Spring of 1872, which was a memorable year in its history, a great many new students entered the school, and new organizations and activities were established. In June, at the end of the school year, the first commencement exercises were held in the old M. P. Church, and diplomas were awarded to the first four graduates of the Fairmont State Normal School. Early in the same year, the Legislature had provided means for the erection of a permanent home for the rapidly-growing school, and in June, 1873, the Normal School took up its abode in what is now known as the Second Ward School building on Quincy Street.

The following year was a most prosperous one. There was a splendid graduating class of twenty-five young men and women, among whom was ex-Superintendent of Schools, Thomas C. Miller, and other men who have since become prominent in educational circles. The commencement exercises attracted a great deal of attention, and the present order of having a regular commencement week was established. The Alumni Association was formed by the Class of 1873.

Housed in its new home, the Normal continued, with varying fortunes, toward its educational goal. Its progress was sure and certain, and its growth comparatively





FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

rapid, for in less than twenty years, it had again outgrown its home, and, in 1891, the Legislature again provided for the purchase of new building and grounds.

This time, the site selected was on the "South Side," and was practically out of town, for Fairmont, at that time, did not extend across Coal Run. The new building was erected the following year, and, on March 27, 1893, the Fairmont Normal School, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, left its old home on Quincy Street, and moved to the "stately mansion," for it seemed that then, on what is now Fairmont Avenue, and is the present home of the Normal.

Under the stimulus afforded by a new building and equipment, and under the direction of Professor Barnes and a corps of faithful teachers, the Normal School began another period of development, which was to mark a new era, not only in the history of the Fairmont Normal, but in the educational history of the whole State. Educators were beginning to realize that, if their public schools were to be really efficient, the State must provide trained teachers. Consequently, the first step toward the re-instatement of the Training Department in the Normal was taken in 1905, when the present training school was established and the Educational Department put on a more efficient basis. During the following years, this department has continued to grow in efficiency, and its influence has spread throughout the State.

Not long after, the Legislature provided for the erection of a "Girl's Dormitory," which was opened in the Spring of 1906, with Miss Molly Virginia Smith in charge of the young women. Since then, the Dormitory has not only offered to its occupants a comfortable place to stay and wholesome meals at very low rates, but has also, by means of parties, receptions, and other social affairs, become one of the chief social organs of the school, as well as offering a homelike environment to the girls.

In 1910, Professor O. I. Woodley, who had been actively engaged in public school work in New Jersey, succeeded Dr. Bennet as President. This date marks the beginning of an educational awakening in West Virginia, which culminated in raising the standard of efficiency of all the normal schools of the State, through the requirement that all normal graduates should have, in addition to the four year's Academic work, two years of thorough training in professional teacher's training.

Through the co-operation of the local Board of Education, the Fourth Ward School, now known as the Butcher Training School, was organized into a first-class training school, under the supervision of capable teachers, and directly under the Department of Education of the Normal.

It was now recognized by the friends of the Normal that its buildings and equipment were not in keeping with its standards, and not even adequate to its needs, for the enrollment was far too large for the size of the building. After a struggle of more than three years, arrangements were completed for the sale of the old buildings and the purchase of a splendid new site just out of the city limits. There, the main building of a modern school plant, with all up-to-date equipment, is in the process of construc-

EVOLUTION OF THE F. S. N. S.

tion, and, ere another school year begins, the Fairmont Normal will have, for the fourth time, left its "outgrown shell" for a nobler and better one—one that will be in keeping with the quality of work now being done in the old building.

At the beginning of the present school year, the Board of Regents transferred Mr. Woodley to our sister Normal School at Huntington, and, in his place, elected Professor Joseph O. Rosier, who had for years been Superintendent of the local city schools and had also served as Principal of the Normal during the Summer term. Thus he was, in the beginning, thoroughly acquainted with the Normal School work, and also the needs of the children of the public school.

Now, under the direction of Mr. Rosier and a strong faculty composed of twenty-one capable men and women, the Fairmont State Normal School is steadily moving toward the front rank of the normal schools of our nation, and we prophesy that, under the stimulus that will be afforded by the magnificent new buildings and modern equipment, its standard of efficiency will be raised higher and higher until it will become a standard bearer in the educational field of not only West Virginia, but also of the whole nation.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Our Last Autumn



OFTLY, silently, one by one,
The pretty leaves come fluttering down.
Ere the cold north wind begins to roar,
Maple and poplar and sycamore
Will give their kindly leaves to cover
The sleeping flowers and fading clover.
All over the green grass, soft and sweet,
They spread a new carpet for our feet,
And some are yellow and some are brown,
These autumn leaves now fluttering down.

Swift through the Indian summer sky
The flocks of birds go skimming by,
High on the gables the sparrows chatter,
Then softly down to the ground they flutter.
They hop along with no thought of fear,
Merry and happy and full of cheer.
And here the pretty pigeons come
Sailing into their turret home.
They coo awhile, then fly away,
White and purple, black and gray.

Here in the corner the garden lies;
Slowly each bright autumn flower dies.
There in the heart of the yellow flower,
A honey bee bathes in the golden shower;
The sunflower nods on its blackened stem--
Its head, once golden, has lost its gleam,
And the breezes whisper through corn-blades sere,
Telling them "Winter will soon be here."
The pansies that blossomed and cheered awhile
Have fallen asleep and ceased to smile.

Round the windows and under the eaves,
Cling the graceful ivy wreathes;
Some are as red as the walls where they cling,
Others are green as they were in the spring. ¶
See! How they drape round the gray stone arch
And climb to the windows above the porch—

OUR LAST AUTUMN

Lovingly decking the dear old walls
Enclosing our worn old Normal halls.
And the breezes play in the trembling vines,
Telling of autumn and happy times.

The dear old building of red and gray
Seems only a part of nature and today.
Like the swaying trees, or the grassy mound,
Or the withered leaves that lie on the ground.
The brick is dull, the stone is gray,
Their tints no longer bright and gay;
The windows reflect the sunlight's gleam
And fleecy clouds like an autumn stream;
The clock as it strikes the hours away,
Makes sweetest chimes at the close of day!

This is our last bright autumn here,
At this old home and campus and dear,
For when the year has passed and when
Bright autumn plucks the leaves again,
Our home will be on yonder hill,
The newer mansions there to fill.
But no new mansion can efface
The memories of this dear old place—
Yet the school outgrows its narrow halls,
And so may we, as the future calls.

MERLE SHARPS.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Fairmont State Normal School



HE alumni and friends of the Fairmont State Normal School have many reasons to be encouraged over the outlook for the institution. It is now generally recognized as a distinctly high-grade normal school, equal in its courses of study and its faculty, to the standard normal schools of other States. The enrollment is now composed largely of high-school graduates who are taking advanced courses in preparation for teaching.

The Fairmont Public Schools are co-operating in a generous way, in providing practice teaching advantages, and it may be safely said that this normal is providing its student teachers with better opportunities for acquiring skill in actual teaching than any other school in the State.

Arrangements were made with the State University the past year, by which the regular normal work and the advanced academic work given in the Normal School will have definite advanced credit value towards a degree in the University.

The Normal Training Short Course is proving quite popular, and is meeting the needs of a large number of people who are not able to remain in school for the full six year course. Some notable work has been done in extension activities during the past year, in classes, lecture courses, and school publicity. In many ways, the Normal is extending its influence and usefulness.

The coming year will mark the beginning of a new period in the history of the Normal. The main building on the new site will be finished and ready for occupancy at the opening of the new school in September. The new building will have many new features. It will be one of the finest of the State school buildings, the equipment of which will be modern in every respect, offering the students of the next year many modern advantages.

There was never a time in the history of the Normal School, when the outlook was so encouraging and so full of promise for expansion in usefulness. A fine, new building, a thoroughly trained faculty, and a loyal student body, make the Fairmont State Normal School an attractive institution for students.

THE PRESIDENT.





JOSEPH ROSIER, A. M.
President

FACULTY



CHESTER P. HIGBY, A. M.

Assistant to the President
Head of Department of History

WALTER BARNES, A. M.

Head of English Department
Director of Extension Work



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

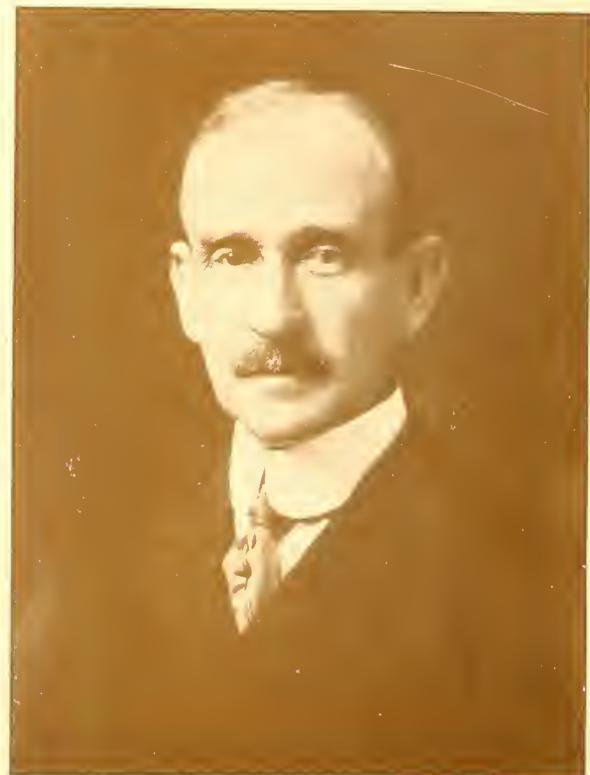


DORCAS PRICHARD, A. B.

Dean of Women
History

E. E. MERCER, A. B.

English
Faculty Advisor of Mound



FACULTY



E. L. LIVELY, B. S.

Biology and Agriculture
Director of Short Course
Business Manager of Student Publications
Faculty Member of Lecture Course



LAURA F. LEWIS, A. B.

English

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



ETHEL ICE, A. B.

German and Mathematics



HAROLD F. ROGERS, A. M.

Physics and Chemistry

FACULTY



INEZ M. JOHNSON,

Education

J. FRANCIS SHREVE, A. B., A. M.

Head of Education Department



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



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NELL McCONNELL, B. S.

Domestic Science

FACULTY



MARY JANE EATON,
Sewing and Drawing

Elementary Science



AMY ROGERS RICE
Piano

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DWIGHT F. TETER, A. B.

French



NELL McCONNELL, B. S.

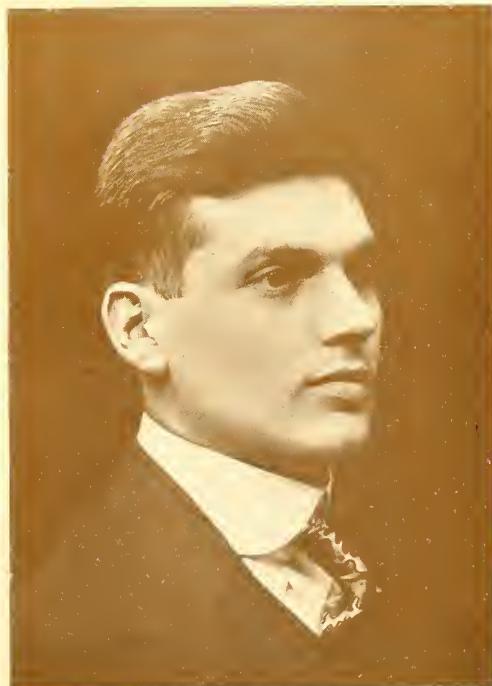
Domestic Science

FACULTY



HOWARD J. McGINNIS, B. S.

Elementary Science



ENSEL J. HAWKINS

Manual Training

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



BEATRICE FITZWATER

Oral English and Expression

MRS. EMORY F. MCKINNEY

Librarian



FACULTY



MRS. ALLEDAA SNYDER

Matron Girls' Dormitory



GOLDIE JANE CONKLIN

Secretary to the President

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Butcher Training School



THE Butcher Training School is primarily the "model school" of the Fairmont State Normal. It is the place where the Normal Seniors observe and put into practice, for about sixteen weeks of their Senior year, the principles of Psychology, General Methods and School Management, and receive practical instruction in the art of teaching.

Well equipped in every way for such a purpose, is this school. It is a modern twelve-room building, with large basement playrooms and out-door playgrounds. There is an enrollment of two hundred and eighty-three pupils, and work is given in all eight grades.

The faculty consists of a Principal and eight regular teachers, instructors in Domestic Art and Manual Training, and supervisors of Art, Music and Penmanship. Departmental work is done in the four upper grades, Miss Prickett having charge of the literature, Miss Creel the music, Miss Henry the history and Miss White the geography.

A special feature of the school is the library. Each grade has a collection of books adapted to its particular needs, and averaging about one hundred and twenty volumes. A general library brings the total number of books to over one thousand, all of which have been censored and approved by the head of the English Department of the Normal School, Mr. Barnes.

To encourage and further the English work, regular literary societies have been organized in the upper grades, and special programs are frequently given on Friday afternoons throughout the school. "The Butcher Monthly," a magazine of the happenings of the school, is compiled by the pupils in manuscript form, and the last number in each year is published. Music work, too, has been given special attention, and, this year, the pupils and teachers have bought and paid for a splendid "Edison." A favored way of earning the money was by putting pictures at the High School, showing pictures that will tend to develop good tastes along that line, and, at the same time, prove remunerative.

A splendid school spirit prevails, and the feeling between the patrons and teachers is most friendly. Special social affairs are arranged throughout the year to bring parents and teachers together, and thus encourage co-operation. Athletics, too, receive proper attention, and Butcher School won the cup in the "indoor track meet" of the city grade schools last year.

A "model school" beyond the usual meaning of the term is the Butcher Training School. While the student-teachers are only beginning to learn the art of teaching, it is by no means an "experiment station," and every lesson taught must first be approved in written plan by the critic teacher of the grade in which it is to be taught. Being also a regular city school, it gets away from the usual narrowness of a normal "model school," and gives the very best results to both the student-teachers and pupils.

H. S., '16.



THE B. L. BUTCHER TRAINING SCHOOL

W. E. BUCKEY, Principal

CRITIC TEACHERS

Grade 1—Inez Brookfield
Grade 2—Agnes Erwin

Grade 3—Nellie Peppers
Grade 4—Jennie Harshbarger

Grade 5—M. Gertrude Creel
Grade 6—Evelyn Prickett

Grade 7—Florence White
Grade 8—Blanche Henry

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

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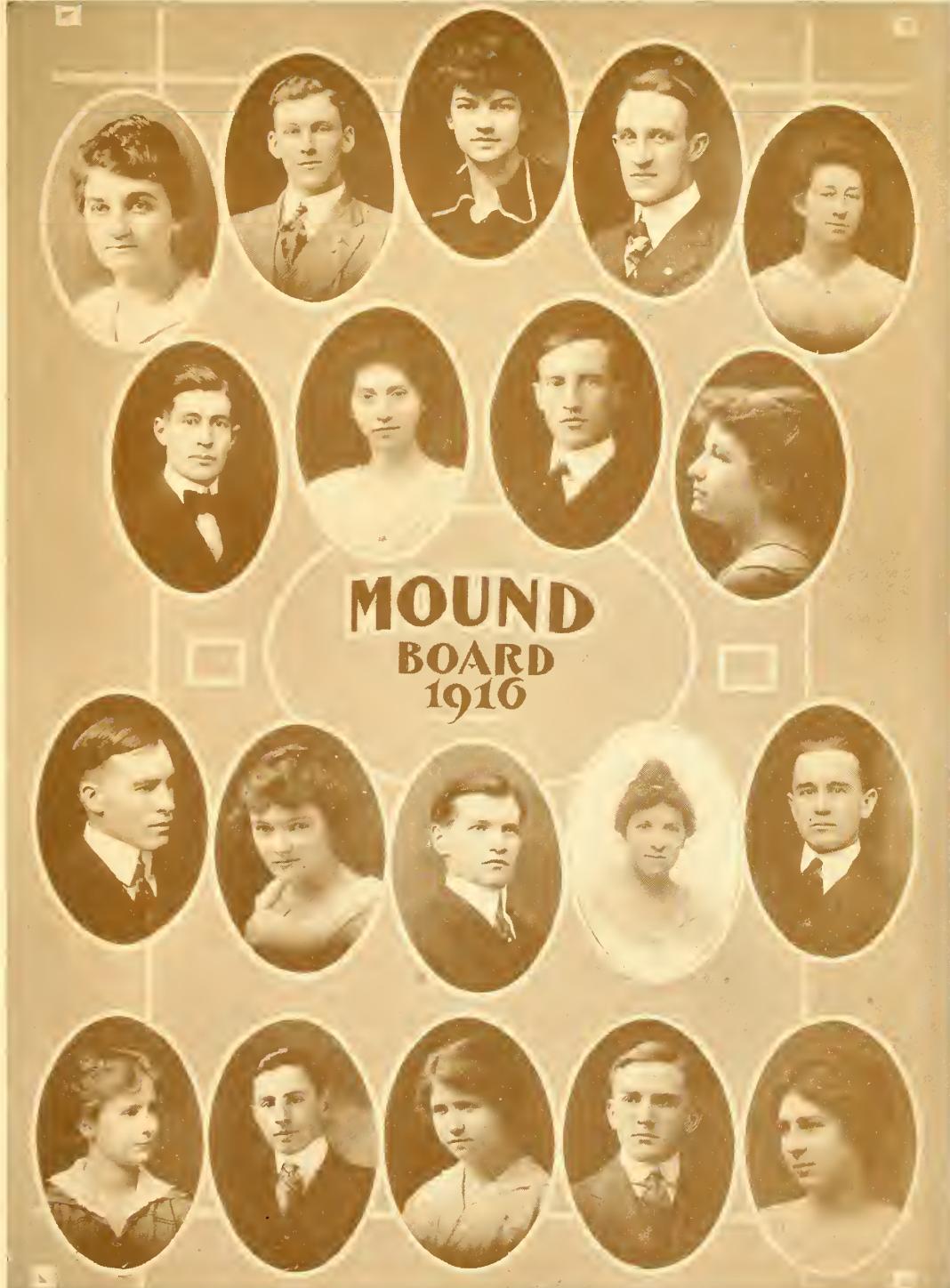
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MOULD
BOARD
1916

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Skin We Love to Touch



A skin of softest beauty,
Every person envies much,
But the skin of skins is the SHEEP-SKIN—
“The skin *we* love to touch.”

SENIOR NORMAL

Senior Normal Class History

N the springtime of our schooltime,
Like the fresh, young leaves in Maytime,
How we fluttered in the sunshine
Of our Freshman year and Sophomore.
All our days were colored golden,
And no shadow on our pathway
Dimmed their brightness for a moment.
We were happy, we were carefree,
And our tasks we did with laughter;
Did them well, our teachers told us,
As they praised us for our record.
And how in our Junior wisdom,
Waxing deep and broad with learning,
Like the grateful shade of summer,
Outward shade of inward striving.
Others joined our ranks as Juniors.
Helped with work and helped with laughter,
Were initiated with us
Into realms of deeper knowledge,
Realms of science and of method.
So we worked and so we conquered,
All our hands were called to do.
And, with fearless eyes and dauntless,
Looked into the Senior future.
So behold our Alma Mater,
Like a spreading tree in autumn—
How we clung there to her branches,
Decked in gold hues for the virtue,
For the honors and the vic'tries,
We as Seniors have secured there.
And as in the seasons autumn,
Comes a time when leaves must all fall,
We shall scatter to life's highways,
We shall wander to life's hillside,
There to form a golden carpet,
Upon which all progress marches.

LOUISE CONN, '16.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



JAYE HOPE SATTERFIELD
Fairmont, W. Va.

President of Class
Mozart
J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
Mound Board

NEVADA A. CLAWSON
Sistersville, W. Va.

Mozart
Vice-President, Class '16
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
J. S. T. C., President, '15-16
Extension Lecture Course



SENIOR NORMAL



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Mozart, Reader '16
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Girls' Basket-Ball Team
Secretary of Student Body, '15-16
Secretary of Class
Extension Lecture Course
Mound Board

JESSIE G. NEPTUNE
Barrackville, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
J. S. T. C.



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ALMA ELIZABETH PETERS
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Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Mound Board, '16

HAZEL MYER STONE
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Lyceum, Secretary, '15
Editor-in-Chief of Mound
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
Chairman of Student Body Social Committee
President of Anti-Suffragette Club



SENIOR NORMAL



GERTRUDE SNIDER

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Lyceum
J. S. T. C.

A. B. STENGER

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, President, '16
Chairman of Class Social Committee
Orchestra
Boys' Glee Club
Mound Board



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



BERTIE MAY LUCAS

Grafton, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
J. S. T. C.
Mound Board

BESS GRAHAM

Knox, Pa.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.



SENIOR NORMAL



LESSIE KING

Wellsville, Ohio

Lyceum

ALTA GAIL HUFFMAN
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



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Sherrard, W. Va.

Lyceum, Critic, '16
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
J. S. T. C.
Mound Board, '16
Bulletin Staff, '15-16
Normal Extension Lecture Course

MARIE MARGURITE STILLINGS
Weston, W. Va.

Mozart
J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A.



SENIOR NORMAL



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Mannington, W. Va.

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J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A.

SADIE DALE CROWL
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



TOYIE ALCINDA HUPP

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.

NORA GERTRUDE GAUGHAN

Mannington, W. Va.

Lyceum
J. S. T. C.



SENIOR NORMAL



M. BEATRICE TENNANT
Barrackville, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.

FAY RUTH WOODBURN

Sistersville, W. Va.

Mozart
J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



PEARL THOMAS

Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart

Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '13-14, '14-15

J. S. T. C.

Mound Board, '16

EVA D. HARTLEY

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum

Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16



SENIOR NORMAL



LORAIN CORNWELL

Marquess, W. Va.

Lyceum
J. S. T. C.
Track Team, '16
Shakespeare Club

EDITH KLAU
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



MINNIE ISENHART
Farmington, W. Va.

Mozart
J. S. T. C.

VINETTA McCOY
Sistersville, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
Class Historian, '15
Vice-President of Woman Suffrage Club



SENIOR NORMAL



MABEL SILFIES

Keyser, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.

MAZELLI JEAN WEST

Mannington, W. Va.

Class Poet



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



OLAN FEAR

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart

FAYNE SIGLER

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum

Y. W. C. A.



SENIOR NORMAL



GERALDINE RHINEHART

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum, Reader, '16

PEARL CORK-STENGER

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Secretary, '16
Y. W. C. A.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



MARJORIE RUTH ROSS

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Secretary, '16

J. S. T. C.

Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '14-15, '15-16

Bulletin Staff, '16

GLENN MARTIN

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum, President, Doorkeeper, Critic, '16

Mound Board

Track Team, '16

Y. M. C. A.



SENIOR NORMAL



LOUISE HURNING SCHROEDER

Grafton, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.
Girls' Glee Club, President
President of Woman Suffrage Club

MARGARET NICOLS

Elkins, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
Secretary of Anti-Suffragette Club
Girls' Glee Club



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



EMMA NORTON

Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.

LAETAZELLE SNYDER

Moscow Mills, Md.

Mozart, President, '14
Y. W. C. A., Vice-President
J. S. T. C.
Mound Artist, '15



SENIOR NORMAL



MARY E. MANN
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.
Treasurer Class '16

HAZEL SPRING
Fairmont, W. Va.
Lyceum, Secretary, '16
Y. W. C. A.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



ETTA MAE CONNELLY
Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C., Secretary, '15-16

PEARL FULTZ
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.



SENIOR NORMAL

MARY HIGH

Keyser, W. Va.

MARY LOUISE CONN

Fairmont, W. Va.

MABEL L. MINOR

Fairmont, W. Va.

DOROTHY HARRIS

Glen Easton, W. Va.

ANNA FARREL

Edgemont, W. Va.

HARRY MORRIS

Fairview, W. Va.

PEARL VAN GILDER

Fairmont, W. Va.

MARY SARSFIELD

Fairmont, W. Va.

EDITH STEVENS

Fairmont, W. Va.

EMMA McKOWN

Fairmont, W. Va.

GEORGIA NEPTUNE

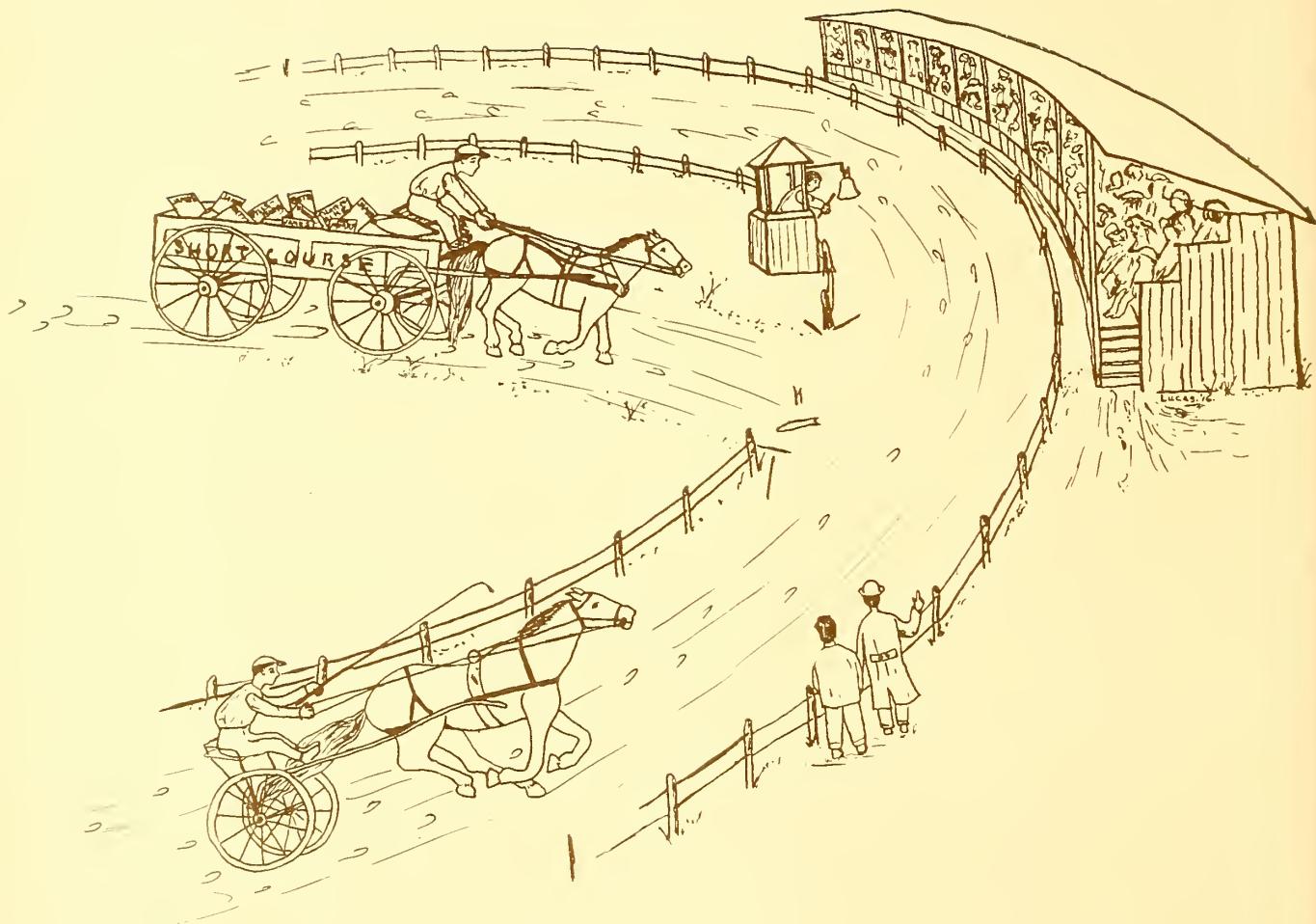
Fairmont, W. Va.

LUCILLE ROWAN

Bramwell, W. Va.

AMY GRIMES

Fairmont, W. Va.



Mr. Lively—You see the short cut will win them the race.

Mr. Shreve—Yes, but according to my notion, the longest way round is the sweetest way home.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE

The Lively Class



THE Short Course Class is the Lively class
Of the Fairmont Normal School,
To do their best, then leave the rest
Is their ever standard rule.

The Short Course Class, or the Lively Class,
Of the Fairmont Normal School,
Will stick to the right, and, if needs be, fight
To keep their standard rule.

The Short Course Class, or the Lively Class,
Of the Fairmont Normal School,
When they go to teach, may they ever reach
Up to their standard rule.

So here's to the class, the Lively Class,
Of the Fairmont Normal School,
May they do their best and leave the rest,
So keep their standard rule.

MARGARET HARDING, '16.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



LOY E. GRIFFIN

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum, Treasurer

Y. M. C. A.

J. S. T. C.

President of Class

Assistant Business Manager of Mound



MARY E. ELIASON

Fairmont, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.

J. S. T. C.



RUBY REX

Downs, W. Va.

Mozart

J. S. T. C.

Y. W. C. A.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



HELEN A. WHISLER
Smithfield, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.

FREDA MARIE MILSTEAD

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Girls' Basket-Ball Team, '16



RHEA H. FISHER
Grafton, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Girls' Glee Club



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



CARRIE MANN
Matthews, N. C.
Mozart



MALISSA L. CROWL
Fairmont, W. Va.
Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Basket-Ball
Mound Board



MARGUERITE NELL PRICKETT
Montana, W. Va.
Lyceum

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



LELIA WITHERS
Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.



IRIS KNOTS
Grafton, W. Va.
Lyceum



ETHEL WATSON
Terra Alta, W. Va.
Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



KATHERINE PARSONS

Terra Alta, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.



NELLIE MARTIN

Wyatt, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.



MADELINE VIRGINIA FLEMING

Fairview, W. Va.

Lyceum
Secretary of Girls' Glee Club
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Basket-Ball, Captain, '16

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



MARGARET REID HARDING

Bluefield, W. Va.

Mozart, Program Committee
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '16
Treasurer of Girls' Glee Club
Mound Artist, '16
Class Poet

REBECCA RUTHERFORD

Cairo, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Class Secretary
Editor-in-Chief of Bulletin, '16



VIRGINIA LEARY

Chester, W. Va.

Lyceum, Secretary, '15

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



WILLA VAN GILDER
Fairmont, W. Va.
Mozart
Secretary of Mound Board



MADA D. CUNNINGHAM
Rivesville, W. Va.
Mozart
Y. W. C. A.



GEORGIA W. CONWELL
Barrackville, W. Va.
Lyceum

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



LOLA MARGARET SWIGER

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mozart

J. S. T. C.

Vice-President of Anti-Suffragette Club

EDNA BERYL MILEY

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Mozart

J. S. T. C.

Anti-Suffragette Club



BEULAH LEONE ASH

Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart

Y. W. C. A.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



BLAKE NEELY

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum
Glee Club



DOROTHY WEEETER

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum



ARLIE CUNNINGHAM

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum, Vice-President
Mound Artist
J. S. T. C.
Shakespeare Club
Boys' Glee Club

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



FREDA FEATHER

Fairmont, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.



MAE FEATHER

Fairmont, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.



BESSIE DEAN

Monongah, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Class Historian

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



PAUL THOMPSON
Watson, W. Va.
Mound Artist, '15-16



MARY MADGE BRAKE
Auburn, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A.
Mozart
J. S. T. C.



MARY EFFIE STURM
Grafton, W. Va.
Mozart
Y. W. C. A.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE



CARRIE EVELYN JAYNES

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.



MYRON B. SPEELMAN

Bruceton Mills, W. Va.

Lyceum, President, '16. Mound Board
Vice-President of Student Body
Vice-President of Short Course Class, '16
Y. M. C. A. J. S. T. C.

JOHN NELSON

Independence, W. Va.

LUCILE C. MULVANEY

Clarksburg, W. Va.

ORA FLOYD

Barrackville, W. Va.

KATHLEEN WATSON

Reedsville, W. Va.

LACY G. TOOTHMAN

Farmington, W. Va.

Lyceum

EMMA REXROAD

Kingwood, W. Va.

ANNA SARSFIELD

Fairmont, W. Va.

SARAH McDONALD CARTER

Elm Grove, W. Va.

ETHEL MAE MURPHY

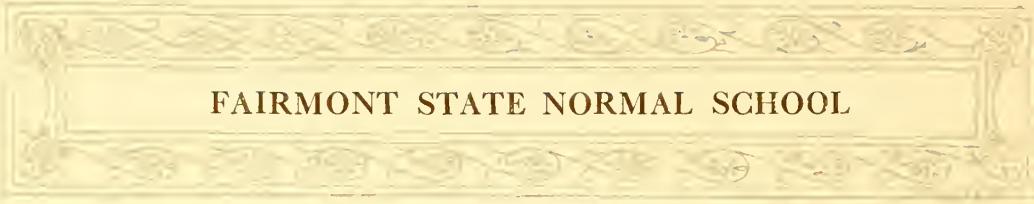
Newburg, W. Va.

PEARL LAIRD

Shinnston, W. Va.

HELEN CAROLINE RHYMER

Mannington, W. Va.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Senior Short Course History

HN the autumn of 1915, the famous ship, Short Course, which for a year had been inspected and tested, was safely launched in the harbor of F. S. N. S. In this ship, the future sailors of the Rural Seas were to receive their experience and training. The pilot on this ship was E. L. Lively. He was one of the noblest and most trustworthy of pilots, always keeping an open eye for the lighthouses along the shore, which warn him that danger is near; and always looking forward to the beacon lights of Rural Success, which urge the sailors on.

The crew which got aboard this ship numbered about fourty-four. They came from almost every part of our "Little Mountain State" of West Virginia, and organized themselves as the Senior Short Course, with Loy Griffin as their Captain.

After organization, they began to make plans for their future course. They had often heard of the deep and turbulent sea of Psychology, and across this they decided to make their first voyage. The many kinds of storms encountered here were terrible. Their guide, Mr. Shreve, named these storms Conception, Perception, Memory, Emotion, and other names equally as queer. Finally they succeeded in crossing and safely landed in the harbor of Education. Here, under the direction of Miss Johnson, they observed its construction and received the methods for overcoming storms and safely passing rocky coasts.

The crew then began to consider the course of their next voyage, and finally decided to cross the sea of School Management. This was the most difficult of all, but, under the leadership of Mr. Rosier, they made a successful journey.

They then decided to explore the rugged coast of Public School Subjects. Here they found many harbors, some of which were very difficult to enter—especially that of Grammar. They went ashore at many points and found some very beautiful country. They reported the peninsula of Nature Study as the most enchanting place they had ever looked upon. Here they landed and went on some delightful excursions to gather flowers, study trees, observe type-areas, and other new things.

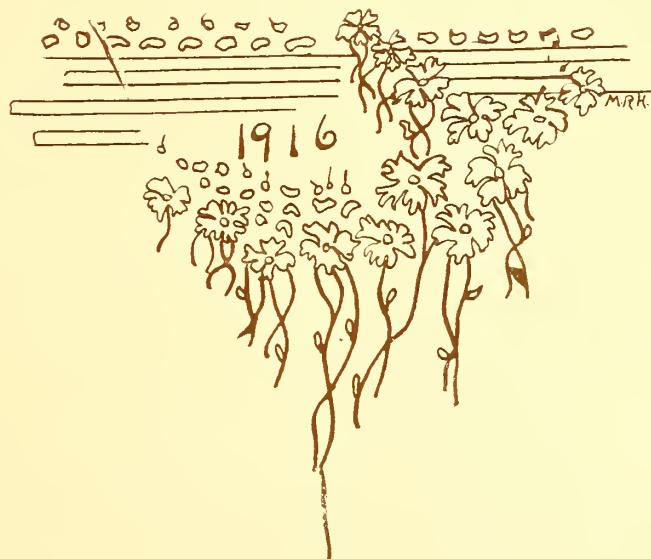
After leaving this coast, they sailed about, encountering some difficult, and some pleasant experiences. They visited several cities, for example, Cooking, Sewing and English. Finally, they decided that their journey would be incomplete without crossing the sea of Observation and visiting the harbor of Training. This they did and reported a pleasant journey.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE HISTORY

While sailing around, they were encountered a few times by a strange and monstrous Cruiser, known as "Senior Normal." At first, it looked upon these heroes with suspicion, mistaking them for allies of its old enemy, "Senior Academic." For this reason, it opened fire and acted very hostile; but finally it was convinced of their neutrality and unwavering loyalty to F. S. N. S., so it molested them no more.

The most marked characteristic of this Senior Short Course Crew has been the perseverance with which the members have performed their duty. They hope that they may safely pass the point of Graduation, and go forth from this ship, capable of crossing the Rural Sea, and landing in the wished-for harbor of Successful Teaching.

B. D.—E. L. L., '16.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Mr. Rosier's Reply

(*Senior Class Academic Poem*)



NCE on a time in Normal School,
A gay young Freshie came
To President Rosier, grave and tall,
To ask of him the name
Of all the classes in the school
The one he loved the best;
And here's the answer he received,
We'll have to tell the rest:

“Of all the classes in our school,
The one that I love best
Is the Senior Academic,
For it's far above the rest.
The Normal lads and lassies
Have a record that is fair,
And those “wise” Short Course guys
Surely make you stand and stare.

But, when work is hard and heavy,
And my mind is loaded down,
Then the Senior Academics
Always show that they're around.
They never try to vex us,
As the others sometimes do,
But to both their work and play
You will find them always true.

The girls are bright and jolly,
But they *can* be serious, too;
And the boys so strong and helpful,
Never think of feeling blue.
So our Senior Academics
Are the ones that we love best,
And we know someday we'll find them
Shining far above the rest.”

DAISY WATKINS, '16.

SENIOR ACADEMIC



LLOYD C. FURBEE

Great Bend, Ohio

Lyceum, President, Contest Debator
President, Class of '16
Secretary of Y. M. C. A.
Secretary of Athletic Association

BERTHA DILGARD

Gorman, W. Va.

Mozart, Secretary
Secretary of the Senior Academic Class
Y. M. C. A., Cabinet, '14-15; President, '15-16



RETTA SMITH

Weston, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



MABEL TOOTHMAN

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
Girls' Glee Club



GRACE MARTIN

Mannington, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.



GOLDIE MAE TRIPPETT

Little Falls, W. Va.

Lyceum
Y. W. C. A.

SENIOR ACADEMIC



W. B. HOLDEN

Jane Lew, W. Va.

Manager Lecture Course, '15-16
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '14-15; President, '15-16
Orchestra
Glee Club
Mozart, President, Critic, Doorkeeper
Bulletin Board, '15-16
Mound Board
Class and Society Historian, '16
Society Contest Debator, '16

MINNIE LEE DICKINSON

Cheat Haven, Pa.

Lyceum
J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A., Secretary, '15-16;
Vice-President, '16-17
Mound Beard



GRACE MORGAN

Arnoldsburg, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
Assistant Librarian
Girls' Glee Club



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



WAYNE MARTIN

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, President, '16

Y. M. C. A.

Business Manager of Mound and Bulletin, '16



ESTEL HORNER

Metz, W. Va.

Ohiyesa Camp Fire

Lyceum

Y. W. C. A.



LAURA FRANCES SNYDER

Watson, W. Va.

Mozart

Y. W. C. A.

J. S. T. C.

Ohiyesa Camp Fire

SENIOR ACADEMIC



EDRA MANLEY

Watson, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. W. C. A.
J. S. T. C.
Ohiyesa Camp Fire

CREED E. BOLYARD

Newburg, W. Va.
Lyceum, Vice-President, '16
Y. M. C. A., Cabinet, '15-16
Mound Board, '16
Assistant Manager Basket-Ball, '15-16
Shakespeare Club
Junior Normal Historian, '16



ELIZABETH LA RUE

St. Mary's, W. Va.

Mozart
J. S. T. C.
Secretary of Mozart Society
Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '15

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



RICHARD FRANKLIN PAYNE

Philippi, W. Va.

Lyceum, Treasurer, '15-16
Vice-President of Class, '15-16
Treasurer of Student Body
Manager of Track Team, '16
Football, '16
Y. M. C. A., '16
Lecture Course Committee, '15-16



ROBERT OLIN WATKINS

Hoult, W. Va.

Mozart
Y. M. C. A., Treasurer, '15-16

DAISY WATKINS

Fairmont, W. Va.

CAROLINE POST

Baxter, W. Va.

CHARLES R. CHAMBERS

Smithfield, W. Va.

JENNESS LILLIAN DOWNS

Farmington, W. Va.

J. HERBERT LIVELY

Long Branch, Fayette Co., W. Va.

ZACHARY DAVIS

Fairmont, W. Va.

SENIOR ACADEMIC HISTORY

History of the Senior Academic Class



'ER hill and dale of the "Mountain State,"
In nineteen-twelve, 'twas in summer late,
Whispered a voice from the birds and flowers,
"Youth, develop thy God-given powers."

Some heard the call, pondered the same,
And to this wise decision came,
"To Fairmont Normal we will go,
And to the world our strength will show."

So came they to the Normal dear,
And started as Freshmen their first school year,
The year flew fast, as a tale that's told,
And they're known as Sophomores bold.

As Sophomores bold, they lost a few,
But soon they gained as many new.
Of trials and failures, successes and joys,
Full was the year for these girls and boys.

These difficult tasks only strengthened their mind,
And soon stately Juniors them we find.
As Juniors, they lost and gained as before,
But solid and strong stood the old central core.

Sincerely they worked with might and main,
Their cherished ideals to attain;
And ere the year had come to a close,
To Senior rank sublime they rose.

As grave old Seniors, sad to say,
Some had faltered by the way;
Recruits from other schools filled the ranks,
And onward swept the "Old Phalanx."

Of all the classes in the years gone by,
None has ever stood so high,
As athletes, musicians, orators, readers,
This class's members are among the leaders.

Of the work of the school, honest and fair,
This class has always borne its share.
Such conduct in life you may expect,
And our brows with laurels will be decked.

To each and the School, we say good-bye,
To the waiting tasks our hands apply.
Infinite wisdom guide one and all,
And, though we stumble, may we never fall.

W. B. H., '16.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Purple and Old Gold

Junior Normal Class Poem



BANNER bright, of Tyrian hue,
Thy colors long abide!
May we, thy followers, e'er be true,
Though as by fire we're tried.
Our spirits, oft by sadness filled,
Our hearts no longer bold,
With new-found courage have been thrilled
By the gleam of purple and gold.

O Purple, royal rich in shade,
E'er worn by nobles high,
And sign of strength by courage made
Which dares to win or die:
Thy hues stand for determined hearts,
For dignity and power nigh,
That from the mind did never part,
But oft did cause a sigh.

Old Gold that brights the Purple beams,
That sings the power of light,
Revealing those who worthy seem
And vanish fears of night.
The gleam of Gold for honor stands,
Though held by very few,
Yet held by worth in every land,
For it's the *heart* of gold that's true.

O, cherish ever thy colors bright!
To the yellow rose, be true!
While toiling onward to the light,
With those bright hues in view.
And, when we feel we're in the dark,
The time will soon unfold,
And fanning to flame sweet memory's spark,
Shall blaze the Purple and Gold.

GRACE KELLEY, '17.

JUNIOR NORMAL



PHILIP ERWIN

Fairmont, W. Va.

*Not all things come by fluent speech,
Action many a goal will reach.*



ANNA DONHAM

Fairmont, W. Va.

Sweet! Aye, yes and more than that.



GRACE HILL

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passion in."*

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



GAIL M. GRANT

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*



LUCY BELLE SUMMERS

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Always ready with an answer."



ETHEL GANTZ

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic' another."*

JUNIOR NORMAL



LINDSAY FRAME

Fairmont, W. Va.

"All men are possible heroes."



NELLIE McINTIRE

Fairmont, W. Va.

"A smile's the same in all languages."



DALE KATHERINE STOUT

Bridgeport, W. Va.

*"A woman's rank lies
In the fullness of her womanhood."*

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



GUY KUHN

Mannington, W. Va.

"A radiant promise given to earth."



HAZEL LACY WHITLATCH

Farmington, W. Va.

*"So happy, so kind, and so still,
With her kind quiet ways, and her gentle will."*



LLOYD H. McKINLEY

Bridgeport, W. Va.

He revels in Ciceronian glory.

JUNIOR NORMAL



WILLIAM HUGHES

Farmington, W. Va.

*"With quiet, yet determined force,
He travels on his destined way."*



ROY WISE

Fairmont, W. Va.

*Wise in deeds as well as in name,
He travels the surest road to fame.*



VIRTUE HORNER

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"There is madness about thee,
And joy divine in thy song."*

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



FLORENCE BERNADINE RICHARDSON

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"Whate'er she did was done with ease.
In her alone, 'twas natural to please."*



MARY GILHARDT

Fairmont, W. Va.

*Jolly, bright and always glad,
She cheers us all when we are sad.*



GRACE KELLEY

Blacksville, W. Va.

EDITH BRADSHAW

Fairmont, W. Va.

NAOMI STRAIGHT

Fairmont, W. Va.

JOHN REED

Fairmont, W. Va.

VALLIE IRONS

Colfax, W. Va.

ROSE CONAWAY

Barrackville, W. Va.

JUNIOR NORMAL

MARGARET JUNE MOORE
Piedmont, W. Va.

DELLA L. FUNK
Tunnelton, W. Va.

GERTRUDE MORGAN
Fairmont, W. Va.

OLIVE WOODBURN
Sistersville, W. Va.

NELLIE ALMYRA LANHAM
Wilbur, W. Va.

HOWARD HAWKINS
Fairmont, W. Va.

VIRGEAN HALE
Fairmont, W. Va.

ELIZABETH STEPHENSON
Richwood, W. Va.

GEORGIA MARIE GREGG
Middlebourne, W. Va.

PEARL MORGAN
Fairmont, W. Va.

RUTH WILDERMAN
Fairmont, W. Va.

JOSEPHINE SNIDER
Fairmont, W. Va.

NELL KATHLEEN SECKMAN
St. Mary's, W. Va.

JEAN CHRISTIE POLLACK
Clarksburg, W. Va.

PAULINE SNIDER
Fairmont, W. Va.

Junior Normal Class

Motto..... "We're Climbing Higher"

Colors..... Purple and Old Gold

Flower..... Yellow Rose

Class Officers

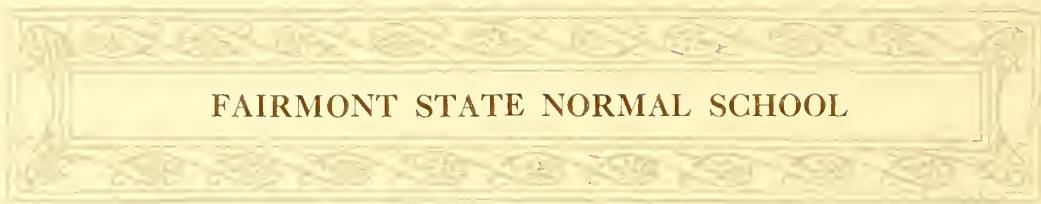
President..... HOWARD HAWKINS

Vice-President..... JOHN REED

Secretary..... MARY GILHARDT

Historian..... CREED E. BOLYARD

Poet..... VIRTUE HORNER



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Junior Normal History

NO year in the history of the Fairmont Normal has been more productive of good than the year 1915-16, and no class has been more promising than the 1917 Normal Class.

Early in the year, a meeting of the members of the class was called and an organization effected. This organization has among its members many of the best students of the school, and, taking into consideration the many victories we have won, it is with a feeling of pride that we look back upon the achievements of our class.

This class, as all others, has had its battles to fight, its troubles to overcome, and its many obstacles to surmount; but, ever keeping our motto in mind, it was with much ease that we have come to the end of another school year, and we are still smiling and climbing higher.

In athletics, our class has surpassed all others; and, in literary work, we are among the best. Our class was well represented in football, basket-ball and track. In basket-ball, we had the distinction of being able to furnish both managers and two members of the team. Members from our class are ardent workers in the societies and other organizations, and have done their part in making the school year a success.

As our year's work is at a close, we look forward to the next year with wonder, pride, and many hopes.

The Class of 1917 will be the first class to graduate in the new Normal, and we hope that all members will be able to return next fall and help to make the coming year the best in the history of the school.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

CREED E. BOLYARD, *Historian.*



JUNIOR ACADEMIC

The Junior Academic

LISTEN, now, and you shall hear
Of the virtuous class which has no fear,
Whose heads contain not a bit of lumber,
And whose minds were never known to slumber.

Into Normal's spacious halls they came,
Determined to win both honor and fame,
And, though they've oft with work been troubled,
Their spirits have ever boiled and bubbled.

They come to school with sober faces,
And at chapel have always been found in their places.
When exams are on, they're always true,
And hold high the honor of Old Gold and Blue.

The Seniors have now been striving long
To make themselves both great and strong,
But they lack the gumption, git and grit,
With which the Juniors have made their hit.

The Sophomores have ever been known as laggards,
Who've won their fame by being braggarts.
They should have patterned after our class,
And done good work, so they could pass.

If the Seniors will come back in Seventeen,
We'll show them what they might have been.
Our class will finish with colors bright,
And to the world will give great light.

So, here's to the Class of Seventeen!
The brightest class that's ever been.
May her honor ever be burnished and true,
As befits the meaning of Old Gold and Blue.

NINA BROOKE.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



HERSCHEL E. WADE

Mt. Morris, W. Va.

Class President

An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.



GEORGE HUNT

Burton, W. Va.

Worth, courage, honor, these indeed.



LESLIE COOK

Richwood, W. Va.

I want no better epitaph than "Teacher."

JUNIOR ACADEMIC



GEORGIA BROWNLEE

*"Intelligent, studious, happy and gay,"
A target for everything coming her way.*



A. L. BURGREEN

Watson, W. Va.

Slow in speech, but sure of the conclusion.



MARIE BARNES

Fairmont, W. Va.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



RUSSEL SMALLWOOD

Fairmont, W. Va.

Who's afraid of the fair sex?



EDNA HAMILTON

Fairmont, W. Va.

*"Play music! With measure heaped in joy,
To the measure full."*



GEORGE GREGG

Durbin, W. Va.

*He had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage to make love known.*

JUNIOR ACADEMIC



HAZEL LANHAM

Watson, W. Va.

*"Silent and chaste, she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng."*

SADIE SHAW

Colfax, W. Va.

FRANK FREEMAN

Center Point, W. Va.

ETHEL HUPP

Cameron, W. Va.

H. W. MORTON

Fay, W. Va.

Mozart

J. M. DUNN

Morgantown, W. Va.

WINNIE BOLTON

Belington, W. Va.

OSA ZINN

Philippi, W. Va.

JANIE MATTHEWS

Independence, W. Va.

BLANCHE FORTNEY

Shinnston, W. Va.

ZELMA TRIPPETT

Hoult, W. Va.

LILLIE BOLTON

Belington, W. Va.

Class Flower American Beauty Rose

Class Colors Old Gold and Blue

Class Motto He Lives in Fame, Who Dies in Virtu 's Cause

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Junior Academic Class



NE bright autumn day, some three years ago, we, a party of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lads and lassies, made our début in the Fairmont Normal School. We were immediately dubbed "Freshies" by various cliques of students, who seemed very much at home in the rambling old building, and who seemed to know what name to fasten upon us.

We came, expecting to find difficulties and struggles. We were not dismayed by those who were farther on the way. In fact, they were our companions many times. School life proved to be like mountain climbing, with many pleasant summits, but with perilous ascents. In order to successfully go from height to height, sure and certain guides were chosen. These were the instructors of the Normal.

We soon learned the name of each height we were expected to scale, and at once, with our chosen guides, proceeded to do our work. Guide Mercer led us over the yawning Chasms of Algebra to the foot of Mt. Geometry. The whole party was delighted with the ascent of History. The oriental luxury of the ancient cities, Greek architecture, paintings and sculpture, and the beautiful Athenian Parthenon, we shall never forget. We admired the brave Spartan youths, and manifested great respect for the renowned law-giver, Lycurgus ("Liquor Juice," one called him).

In order that we might be more able to cope with the "glibidity" of the "Sophs," Juniors and Seniors, we were eager to make the ascent of English I. Mrs. Morrow was our efficient guide upon this occasion, and, although some of the boys of our party were inclined to slacken pace at the point of written themes, the persistence of the kindest of guides succeeded in leading them to the point of discernment, where they learned "that they should never use a preposition to end a sentence with." (Harvey).

We now come to the last, but not the least, of the heights in our first year's scaling. Mr. Brake was the much experienced guide who lead us up to the greatly feared ascents of the Ancient Region, and, although we slightly faltered when ascending Peaks Declension and Conjugation, we evinced such great confidence in our guide, that our fear gradually wore away, and we arrived safely at Point D.

While we were yet Freshmen, we had heard much about Caesar's Gallic Wars, and, becoming at last Sophomores, we were burning with the desire of seeing the "Battle Field of Gaul." One little, red-haired, blue-eyed Irish fellow of our number sought out Mr. Brake and induced him to again become our guide. We were told, before attempting the ascent to this famous field, that the surest way to arrive at Point A, was by the sure-footed pony. But "to have the pony to bear the burden up the difficult ascent, was," as Mr. Brake said, "demoralizing, to say the least." We, therefore, refrained, and, weary and footsore, plodded onward and upward with our courageous leader until we arrived at Point D. Here we encountered invincible

THE JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

barriers, and were obliged to be content with getting a bird's-eye view of the Great Battle Field.

Time does not permit a detailed description of all our journeys and the clever guides. The experiences are vivid enough to us. Miss Prichard cited us illustrious examples in American History. On Mt. Rhetoric, Mrs. Morrow lead us through Narration, Description, Exposition and Argumentation. Letter Writing claimed our attention, wherein we learned that brevity is the soul of—a love letter. We formerly shuddered at the mention of Mt. Geometry, but now we, as Juniors, had become so self-confident that we boldly scaled the angles and curves, though we must confess to an occasional slide down a steep triangle or to flying off on a tangent. Another height assayed, led us to know about romantic German tribes. Miss Ice guided us there. American Literature so suited our romantic natures that it could be scarcely called a rugged mountain. Those who led us through the happy fields of Poetry and Romance were Guides Barnes, Lewis and Mercer.

Many happy social pastimes were ours. Two picnics we recall, one at Traction Park, and one at Paradise. Long shall we remember those happy occasions! What cared we if it did rain? There were plenty of good "eats," and the usual good spirit and laughter of our merry crowd.

But now we must mention our successful ascension of Mt. Athletics. We, as Sophomores, climbed steadily upward until we reached our elder brethren, the Juniors. We did not linger long where they stood, but kept on and on. Now, as Juniors, with scores standing by us, we look far down the height, and behold the Seniors with Zero their lone companion.

Next year, we shall be the dignified Academic Seniors, and as we have accomplished wonders as Juniors, so we hope to accomplish still greater things as Seniors, and dedicate the new Normal to all the possibilities of Young America.

ETHEL HUPP.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Sophomores

“From the mountain tops, from the valleys gay,
From the banks of the river, the shores of the bay,
We start for a beckoning scene,
And arrive, not unknown, not unseen.”



UR “beckoning scene” was the Fairmont Normal School, and we arrived in September, 1915, “not unknown, and not unseen,” but we felt rather lonely. Upon thinking over it now, it seems to have been a most wonderful, surprising and interrogative time—our entrance to this institution, which certainly has diminished in size since then. We laugh when we think how large it seemed then!

Now, we are familiar with every object in the old Normal building. There is no more “homesickness” among our number—we have safely passed that stage, although our first few days here were as hard on us as a sailor’s first days at sea. Now, we are quite contented, and go about our tasks with light, cheerful hearts.

Perhaps you will think that, since we are just learning to be at home in the Normal, we are like a group of mischievous small children, prying into everything, and turning topsy-turvy. Not so. We have often been criticized for not prying into some things enough, for instance, the library and chapel. To tell the truth, though, we get all our ideas of “prying” from the Seniors, and go only where they go.

This, our Sophomore year, takes in some of the hardest studies in the course—at least, we think so. Yet our people just delight in studying hard things. Geometry and Caesar are just a pleasure. Still we never let our love for our studies take all our time. We really starred in basket-ball, and some of our men are playing baseball this spring.

Having become pretty well acquainted with all of our teachers by this time, we find it no hard matter to ply them with questions concerning things we wish to know, for we are neither too bashful nor too proud to let them know that we don’t know. In fact, we are at the stage where “we know not, and know that we know not,” which is really knowing more than some of the other classes in school. Because of this, we are learning not only to see and value our opportunities, but to feel the effects of them on our lives, which have already been made broader and happier by our stay here.

TROY ADKINS.

SOPHOMORE

Officers



LEO D. PATTERSON



METTA JAYNES

Class Flower Yellow Rose

Class Colors White and Gold

President LEO D. PATTERSON

Vice-President A. L. BURGREEN

Secretary METTA JAYNES

Treasurer LEO SALVATTI

Historian TROY ADKINS

Doorkeeper C. E. MARSHALL



THE SOPHOMORE GROUP

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen



E'RE the jolliest class in school—
We're the happy Freshmen!
Never did we break a rule,
Never had a thrashing.

Motto, "Vincit, qui se vincit,"
Colors, purple and white,
Flower, the one of all the sweetest,
Roses, pure and white.

Mr. Squires is worthy chairman,
Earnest, full of zeal—
When he calls our class to meeting,
Then, how proud we feel!

Work and play are for us all.
We are always glad!
Just to come to Normal School
Is not half so bad

As to sit at home repining,
While the seasons pass,
And your friends with joy are climbing
Upward in the class.

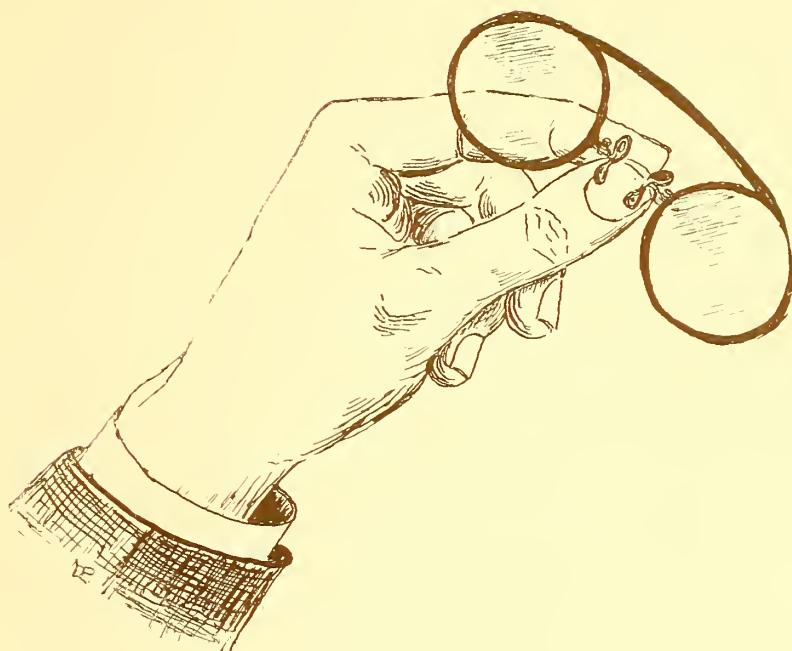
So we work from day to day,
Trying hard to please
Every teacher, that we may
Merit A's and B's.

MERLE SHARPS.

THE FRESHMAN GROUP



CHAPEL



"I think I have mentioned before the advantages of the students of the Normal over the students of other institutions in other parts of the State, in being on a direct line of transit, so they may have the opportunity of hearing from time to time, from this platform, gentlemen of distinction and merit, who are connected with prominent colleges, churches and other worthy institutions. This morning, we have another rare treat in store for us. I take great pleasure in presenting to the student body, one in whom I am sure you will not be disappointed, Mr. ——, of ——, who will speak to you at this time."

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Echoes From Chapel

(For the benefit of those who "cut")

Mayor Bowen (September 9)

Welcomed the new students to Fairmont in behalf of the city.



Mr. Ross—President of Board of Trade—

"Finish whatever you start to do."



Musical Program (October 6)

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Vocal Solo..... | John Reed |
| Mandolin Trio..... | Barret, Wilson and Hartley |
| Vocal Solo..... | John Reed |
| Piano Solo..... | Edgar Barret |
| Mandolin Trio and Vocal Solo, | |
| | Barret, Wilson, Hartley and Reed |



Rev. C. B. Mitchell—Pastor of Central Christian Church (October 28)—

"Factors necessary to a successful life."

"Mental efficiency, application, fellowship of people, character, integrity, optimism, and a good personal appearance, are necessary to a successful, happy existence."

"We must not measure our success by the world's standards alone, but do our best, love, serve, and be loyal to our ideals."



Rev. C. E. Goodwin—Pastor First M. E. Church (December 9)—

"Preparation for our life's work."

"There is always someone to lend a helping hand. Once I was singing at Weston, and an old man there thought I was not singing the song right. To help me out, he began to sing with me. Yes, there is always someone to help us, no matter where we are, or what we are doing."



Dr. Isaac T. Headland—Lecturer and returned Missionary from China—

"By-products of Missions."

"The religion of Christ preceded the highest civilization. A nation rises no higher than its conception of God."

"American women presented to the Empress of China, a rough pine board box. Inside of it, was a polished and carved wooden box, while inside of that was a brass box."

CHAPEL

The brass box, when opened, was found to contain a silver casket, inside of which was a beautiful golden casket. Inside the golden casket, lay a Bible, the symbol of the highest and best in life."



Mr. A. J. Wilkinson—Former student F. S. N. S. (January 13)—
"Live not for yourselves, but for others."

"A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before the parting spirit is fled,
A rose to the living is more,
Than sumptuous wreathes to the dead."

"The truest happiness comes from helping others."



Native Indian Student (February 3)—
"Customs and Superstitions of India."

"Americans do not know how to cook rice; we cook it in fifty-seven ways.
"The first time I ever saw snow, I thought someone had sprinkled sugar over the ground, so I picked up a handfull and tasted it.

"One can not tell by the looks of American women whether they are married or not. In India, married women are recognized by a spot of blue on the forehead."



Mrs. George DeBolt (February 21)—
"The Passing of the Fleet." (Reading).



Mr. J. Walter Barnes—Former President of F. S. N. S.
"Patriotism."



Rev. Broomfield—Pastor M. P. Temple—
"Be prepared for whatever you are called upon to do."



Mr. J. M. Jacobs (September 16)—
"The Spiritual Welfare of the Students."



Mrs. Anne Adams Gordon—President National W. C. T. U.—
"Frances Willard as a Type of Womanhood."

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Rev. Canter—Former Pastor M. E. Church, South—

“Opportunities of Americans.”

“Painted deserts look very beautiful from a distance, but when you reach them, they are barren, sandy, and unattractive. These are like some people who think they can find opportunities at a distance greater than those at home, but they will soon find that they have been going toward a ‘painted desert.’ It is best to grasp the opportunities that are all around us, and make the best of them.

“Stick to the things you know,
Stick to the things you can do,
Stick to the things that count,
And be sure to ‘put them through.’ ”

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Christmas Program (December 17)—

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| “It Came Upon the Midnight Clear” | Student Body |
| Scripture Reading and Prayer | Rev. Stoetzer |
| Vocal Solo—“The Gift” | Miss Mulvey |
| Story—“Golden Cobwebs” | Miss Wagner |
| “Gloria” | Double Quartette |
| Reading—“The Cratchett’s Christmas Dinner” | Miss Fitzwater |
| Duet—“Holy Night” | Misses Hartley and Schroeder |
| Christmas Message to the Faculty | Mr. Bolyard |
| Answer | President Rosier |
| Song—“Oh, Holy Night” | Girls’ Glee Club |
| ? ? ? * * * ! ! ! Hold Tight! Look Out! ? ? ? * * * ! ! ! | |
| “Hark, the Herald Angels Sing” | Student Body |

CHRISTMAS VACATION

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Program rendered by the Music Department W. V. U. (February 4)—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Excerpts from Papillous | Schumann |
| Miss Rachel Tuckwiller— <i>Piano</i> | |
| My Garden in June | Livingston |
| No One Law at All | Lowe |
| Miss Matilda Hagan— <i>Soprano</i> | |
| Salterella | Papini |
| Miss Mary Dille— <i>Violin</i> | |
| Slumber Song | Herman |
| O, Come With Me in Summer | Van der Stuken |
| Daffodils are Here | Renolah |
| Miss Elsie Jones— <i>Soprano</i> | |
| Polonaise | Chopin |
| Miss Rachel Tuckwiller | |



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

GEORGE HUNT, *President*
MYRON SPEELMAN, *Vice-President*

FLORENCE WAGNER, *Secretary*
FRANK PAYNE, *Treasurer*

Social Committee—Hazel Stone, Bertha Dilgard, Virginia Leary, Wayne Martin, John Reed.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Young Women's Christian Association

HOW large is the moon to you?" is a game that all of us have played on moonlight nights. To some, it seems as large as a plate, while someone always said, "As large as a tub." Nothing is more interesting than to find out how large the world is to folks. How far away New York was when we were children! How far away have China, India and Africa been to us, until just a little while ago! What has made the world smaller to you? Every college girl, who has had any connection with such an organization, will undoubtedly say "My Y. W. C. A. has done all this for me, and more; it has made even the spirit world a part of my possessions."

Perhaps everyone has seen and read articles on the Young Women's Christian Association, with little thought of what a really great organization it is. Just what does the name mean to *you*?

When new students enter school, they are asked to join the Y. W. C. A. They usually join because they think it is the right thing to do, or because they consider it an honor to belong to a student association. Very few really know how great the organization is, or rather, how many organizations they are joining when they give their names to the Student Association.

The Young Women's Christian Association was organized in the United States, in 1866. Their purpose was to promote the all-around welfare of young women by means of residential and holiday homes, clubrooms, restaurants, classes, lectures, summer camps, and other useful departments. These associations soon grew up all over the world, and the membership grew rapidly. In 1906, the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. was organized, with the purpose of uniting and developing the smaller associations, thus bringing together city, town, county and student organizations, and making them national affairs. Through the National Board, the organizations are able to keep in constant touch with each other, and with all national movements, which makes them feel that they are all a part of one great sisterhood. It also enlists thousands of spiritual leaders for the inspiration of college life; holds summer conferences for students all over the country, and sends out secretaries, who visit and help with the association work. It also publishes literature for the association work.

When an association becomes a part of the national movement, it also becomes a member of the "World's Y. W. C. A." in thirty countries, with headquarters in London, as well as the "World's Student Federation," which federates the Student Associations of forty nations.

Young Women's Christian Associations are found in all the largest cities and towns, and many county associations are being established. Beside all these, which are doing an honorable work in so many cities, there are 721 student associations, with a membership of 65,129, in different colleges, normal schools, high schools, and other schools of the United States.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Association of this school was organized in 1907. It was accepted as a member of the National Board in 1908, and was affiliated with the other organizations at the same time. Our Association has been growing and increasing in membership each year, until now we have a membership of 157 girls and lady members of the faculty. Every girl in the Association belongs to one of the eight committees, through which she may do any phase of Christian service she may desire. The committee work is really very interesting, and gives a girl a start in true service. Quite a great deal of good work has been done through these committees.

At the opening of school, our Membership Committee aimed to invite every girl to become a member of the Association. Many joined, and have proven active workers throughout the year.

The Social Service Committee has been the "Sunshine Committee" of the Association in carrying flowers and words of cheer to the sick and those in trouble. Through this Committee, we have been to help some people in town who were really in need, as well as to teach in the Italian Mission School during the year.

The Social Committee has given three delightful parties during the year, and has worked toward a definite goal in trying to set certain social standards around the school, and to develop these standards. One of the greatest of their aims has been, however, to help every girl to find her place in the school life, so that she may be happy and contented in her work.

The Missionary Committee also has a definite part of their policy to help in the Mission School, as well as to arrange for a definite study of missions through lectures and study. It has brought us closer in touch with the work in foreign fields, and brought far-away lands close home.

The Bible Study Committee has been instrumental in starting three Bible Study Classes for students in different Sunday Schools of the town. We are hoping to make these classes permanent.

The Finance Committee has been the Committee that has made it possible for the other Committees to really do so much good work. Through their efforts, the Y. W. C. A. treasury has been the fullest that it has been since the organization of the Association. We were able to send two girls to the summer conference of the Student Associations at Eagles Mere, Pa., last year, and two more to the Student Volunteer Conference, at Bethany, W. Va. This year, we hope to be able to send even more girls. Also, we have been able to give more to "Missions" and to add more to the "National Field Supervision Fund," which means so much to the Association, than ever before.

The Poster Committee is the "Advertising Department." We have found that "it pays to advertise" the Association work, as well as anything else. For every weekly meeting, and all special meetings, we have had a suitable and suggestive poster.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Music Committee has, during the whole year, arranged special musical numbers for the meetings, as well as the direction of the regular music. They have done much to make the meetings a success.

Our weekly meetings, which are held every Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, are under the supervision of the Devotional Committee, and are arranged to meet the needs of not only the membership, but the whole school. Every meeting has been informational, as well as inspirational, and some of the most interesting meetings of the whole year were held during the months of February and March, when we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Y. W. C. A.

We have shown you what the Association really is, now just what may it mean to a girl? It is an honor to be a member of such an organization, for Association work is one of the liveliest phases of Christian work. It gives students something more than book knowledge; it creates a desire and love for service, trains for leadership, brings all students in closer contact, for they are all working toward the same goal; it unites them with a great world-wide organization, gives them a broader idea of life, and places them in definite touch with foreign fields, through the mission study and mission contributions.

Then, is it not true that the Association does make the world smaller? Is it not worth while to be a member of this wonderful world movement? What does the work mean to you as a member? Does it mean as much to you as to one college girl, who said the Y. W. C. A. had given her—

“A program for splendid living,
A busy day,
A peaceful night,
A growing interest in people of other lands,
A desire to stand by the church,
Thousands of happy thoughts,
A serious joyfulness,
A purpose in life,
A personal Savior.”

BERTHA E. DILGARD,
President, '15-16.



Y. W. C. A.

BERTHA DILGARD, *President*

Hazel Stone
Bertie Lucas
Minnie Dickinson
Eva Hartley

MISS PRICHARD, *Faculty Advisor*

Cabinet Members

Beatrice McConnell
Jessie Neptune
Nevada Clawson
Jaye Satterfield

Marjorie Ross
Margaret Harding
Fay Woodburn
Retta Smith

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Y. M. C. A.

ALTHOUGH our Y. M. C. A. is only three years old, it is exerting a profound influence for good in the school. It feels the heartbeats of the great Y. M. C. A. movement, which is influencing the schools and colleges of our land today. We hope to get in harmony with this great movement and bring the young men of the Normal School to know the Great Teacher as their Guide and Savior.

The Association meets each Wednesday morning from 10.00 to 10.45. As it seems impracticable to meet at any other time for Bible study or other work, we have tried to co-operate with the local churches. We have endeavored to see that every member of the Y. M. C. A. attended some Sunday School. Our desire is to work with the churches and Sunday Schools of the city.

The work of the first semester was round-table discussions of the problems which affect the life of the student, and lectures given by the teachers and prominent men of the city. This work was much enjoyed by the members, and much good was derived from it. During the last semester, our meetings have been taken up with Bible study. We are using "Student Standards of Action," and the many fine lessons in this little book are making an effective appeal to the members. to lead clean, upright, Christian lives.

Four of the members taught the Bible Study Classes in the City Y. M. C. A. during the winter; and a few of the members are teaching Sunday School Classes. We have been able this year to do a little deputation work, and will do some more before school is out. Before Thanksgiving, two baskets containing five dollars worth of food were sent out to two needy families.

The business of the Association is carried on by the regular officers and cabinet members. No dues are collected, but the financial obligations are met by contributions by the members. We are planning to give two entertainments this year. With the proceeds from these, we hope to be able to send a delegate to Eagles Mere Conference and get inspiration for next year's work.

We ask the co-operation of all, that the Y. M. C. A. may finally include every boy in school, and not only make its influence for good felt in the school, but throughout the State.



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

W. B. HOLDEN, *President*

H. D. WADE, *Vice-President*

L. C. FURBEE, *Secretary*

OLIN WATKINS, *Treasurer*

Cabinet Members

John Reed

Leo Patterson

George Hunt

George Gragg

Creed Bolyard

Lloyd McKinley

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Football

FN reviewing football in the Normal, we readily see that during the season of 1915, a very creditable chapter has been added. We are certain that the team was capable of more than they did accomplish, for the eleven who represented the yellow and white were greatly handicapped by adverse conditions. The Normal had not been represented by a football team in '14, and the football spirit had dropped so low that no effort had been made to even arrange a schedule until a very short time before the opening of the school.

Earnest Bell, former Captain of the W. V. U. "Eleven," proved an efficient coach. His work has been appreciated by football fans of not only the Normal, but all over the State, for the past three years.

The first game was played on the home field, October 6, with Glennville Normal. The results of this game proved that our team was a good working machine by the large score piled up to our credit. October 19, the second victory was easily won over Broaddus Institute, in fact, our team had not been scored on. This record, of course, was too good to last, and a week later, Davis and Elkins gloried over our boys to the tune of 28—0, at Elkins.

On October 23, we won from Keyser Preps at home, but on Thanksgiving Day the boys found a harder proposition at Keyser. In a hard-fought game, the score was tied 14—14. October 29, at Wheeling, the hardest game of the year was played, when Normal went down to Linsly Institute by a score of 14—13. In this game, Manager Frame received a broken arm, and was disabled for the remainder of the season.

The best exhibition of real football on the part of our team, however, was witnessed when they met the Wesleyan Reserves on the home field, November 20. We won by the score of 7—0, in spite of the fact that our men were far outweighed.

While we can not boast of any wonderful championship gained, the past season has been a noted one in the football history of the Normal—it has "put us on the map," and has given the football spirit a new impetus. Its influence will be the more keenly felt in the years to follow, for we are sure that Normal will never again be without a team, as it has been sometimes in the past. We can not point to any particular individual as being a "star," but excellent team work made the team what it was.

ATHLETICS



THE LINE-UP

SMALLWOOD, Left End

SALVETTI, Left Tackle

MORRIS, Left Guard

DAVIS, Center

HAWKINS, Right Guard

FRAME, Left Half (*Manager*)

RIDGLEY, Right Half

HARTLEY, Full Back

REED, Quarter Back (*Captain*)

LAWSON, Right Tackle

ERWIN, Right End

Substitutes Who Did Good Work

NEELY

SHAW

HUNT

PAYNE

WILLIS

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Boys' Basket-Ball

HE basket-ball schedule played by the Fairmont Normal team this season was the longest and hardest schedule ever played in the history of the school. The team was the best that ever represented the school and won twelve out of the nineteen games played against the best teams of this, and adjoining States. Every game was fast and furious.

Only two from last season's quintet were in school this year: "Zeke" Davis, who was chosen Captain of the team, and "Bill" Hughes, but three others from the new students: "Nig" Reed, "Happy" Hawkins, and "Don" Arnett, completed the five, which made a record for itself, having scored 749 points against their opponents' 623.

At the beginning of the season, "Sandy" Toothman, who once wore the yellow and white, was secured as Coach, and the team was started into hard practice, and was soon able to make the other State teams, out for the championship, sit up and take notice that Fairmont Normal had a team to be reckoned as a contender. Had it not been for the hard schedule and accidents to some of our best players, our team would have captured the pennant. At the close of the season, Davis was chosen center and Arnett forward of the All-State Five.

The prospects for next year are even better than this year, since all of the regulars will be back for school and other new material is expected.

THE GAMES At Home

Davis and Elkins College, 36; Fairmont Normal, 35.
Muskingum College, 50; Fairmont Normal, 40.
Fairmont Normal, 28; Wesleyan College, 25.
Fairmont Normal, 42; Waynesburg College, 23.
Fairmont Normal, 43; Salem College, 27.
Fairmont Normal, 64; Linsly Institute, 25.
West Virginia University, 34; Fairmont Normal, 32.
Fairmont Normal, 41, Glenville Normal, 30.
Fairmont Normal, 59; Shepherd College, 32.
West Virginia University, 38; Fairmont Normal, 20.

Abroad

Kingwood "Champs," 46; Fairmont Normal, 40.
Fairmont Normal, 33; Terra Alta, 13.
Fairmont Normal, 43; Salem College, 27.
Fairmont Normal, 32; West Virginia University, 31.
Franklin College, 59; Fairmont Normal, 27.
Fairmont Normal, 33; Bellaire, 27.
Fairmont Normal, 39; Linsly Institute, 28.
Marietta College, 59; Fairmont Normal, 40.
Fairmont Normal, 56; California (Pa.) Normal, 15.

Per C. E. B.

THE LINE-UP

TOOTHMAN, Coach

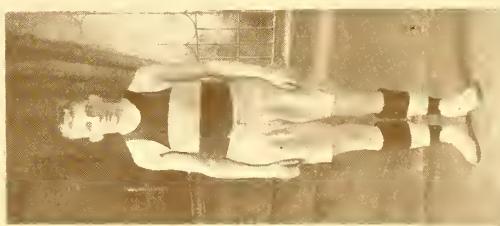
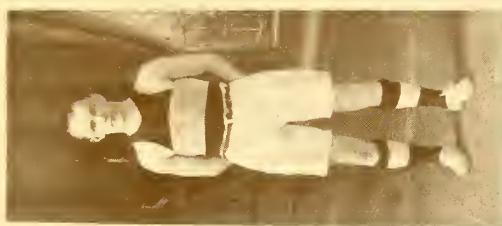
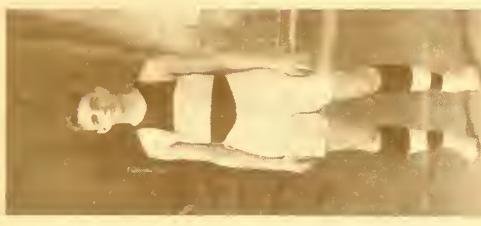
Center

DAVIS (Captain)

Forwards
ARNETT
REED

Guards
HUGHES
HAWKINS

Subs
HARTLEY
FRAME
ERWIN
FRAME



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Girls' Basket - Ball

REMEMBER the basket-ball spirit of 1915! It was the same spirit which entered into the girls' basket-ball this year, only it was not allowed to manifest itself in a public way, because of a new ideal set forth in girl's athletics, as well as the cramped gymnasium quarters.

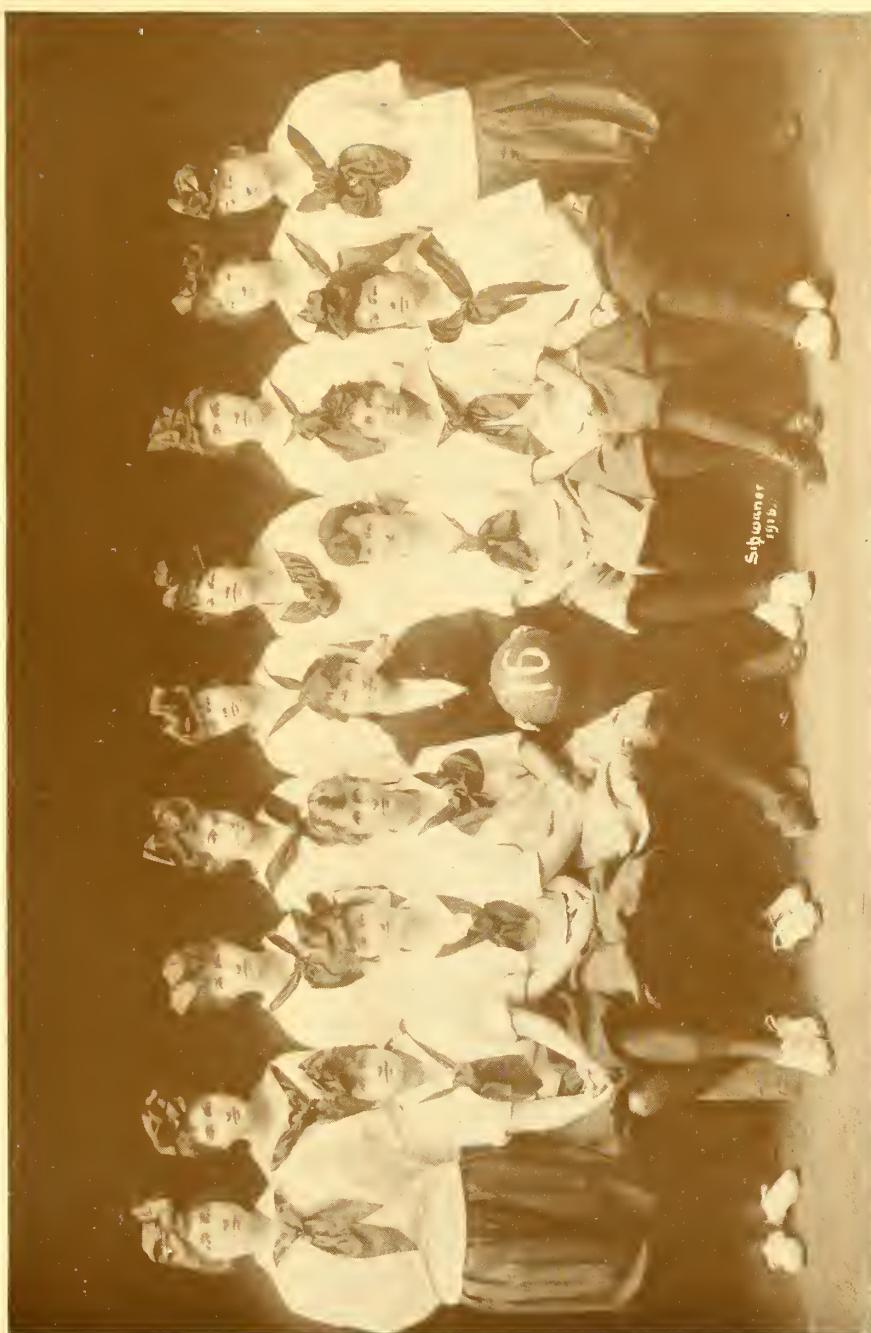
Public basket-ball for girls is a thing of the past in most of the higher schools in this country. The establishment of this idea in our school was a difficult task, but it was finally created, and the girls now believe it was a wise step.

The "squad" this year had quality as well as quantity. Rivalry existed throughout every practice, and in all the games there was plenty of "pep," although the games were private to all except members of the Normal Student Body and Faculty.

The most interesting feature of the season was the inter-class game between the Senior Normal and the Senior Short Course. For various reasons, it will be safer to allow a history of this game to be handed down to future generations by tongue, and not through publication. We must say, however, that the Senior Short Course people were a sad-looking bunch when the whistle blew time-out, and the scoreboard told the sad tale of Short Course, 26; Senior Normal, 31.

Two other games were played with out-of-town teams. Once our team was a good loser, and the other time, a better victor. Shinnston defeated us 16—8, while Kingwood went down to us to the tune of 17—5.

WAGNER, '16.



THE SQUAD

Mary Mann
Freeda Milstead
Minnie Dickinson
Nelle Martin
Marjorie Linn
Eva Hartley

Mary Gilhart
Madeline Fleming
Florence Wagner

Kathleen Watson
Lulu McMillen
Malissa Crowl

The Team



"Madeline was a dandy Captain," the team all agreed. Who can ever forget her "laughing" signals? They were her specialty. Nothing need be said about her ability to guard; that was an established fact last year.

Freeda was always in her position, and ready to break up any teamwork of the opponent to start the ball home. She could guard the ball and her "man" at the same time, and never get the least bit "fussed."

Marie was the most graceful (?) player on the team. She filled the responsible position of "jumping center" to the satisfaction of everyone, and never failed to bat the ball the "home" way.

Florence was our loyal sport. To stand on the side lines and hear her "come on, Team" was enough if you could not see her play.

Eva was a genius when it came to making baskets. Her shots were always exciting, and her teamwork was perfect.

Mary, though, was the quickest player on the team. Her ability to shoot fouls was the pride of the team. In fact, she was the "star player."

Miss Letha Mann, the Coach, did her work most satisfactorily.

ATHLETICS

Track Team



FOR the past two years, because of the lack of encouragement in athletics in general, the track meet has been undeveloped. But this present year, there has been a change in this respect, and material is now being developed to such an extent that Manager "Misery" is more than confident that Fairmont Normal will have the leading track team of the State.

With such men as the following, we need not fear. Reed and Khun lead in the hammer, shot and discus. Fear is one that we need not fear, for, of course, he has the "mile" cinched.

Cornwell and Hartley will come in on the quarter mile; Hawkins on the half mile.

We are quite sure that Payne, from his fast record, will pull over the long distance run. Tennant is also a competitor in this race.

Irwin holds State record in the high jump for last year, and is pretty sure of holding it for the coming year.

Hughes and Bolyard come in on the pole vault and shot put. All indications are that they will be unsurpassed.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Martin is already up in good shape for the broad jump and shot put. He has a record that has not as yet been beaten, having won several prizes at this feat.

Davis, we regret to say, is still laid up from injuries received in basket-ball. Our one hope is that "Zeke" will yet be able to be on the track.

There are other prospectives such as Holden, Wade, Furbee, Lively, Frame and Cunningham, who will make the above men go some in order to keep their "rep."

At present, it is exceedingly difficult to tell who will be chosen to fill the various positions, as all the material looks quite promising.

Manager Frank Payne has prepared the following schedule, and a successful season is anticipated.

THE SCHEDULE

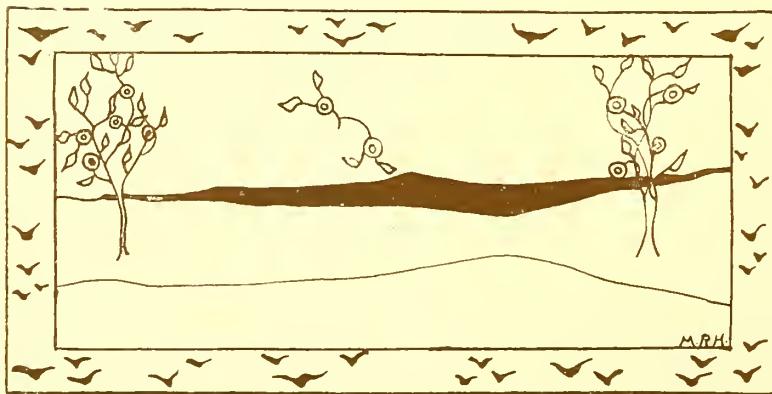
At Home

| | |
|----------------------|----------|
| Fairmont High School | April 29 |
| Salem College | May 15 |
| Wesleyan | May 30 |
| Waynesburg College | June 10 |

Abroad

| | |
|---|--------|
| Franklin College at Wheeling | May 20 |
| Glennville Normal at Glennville | May 26 |
| Keyser Prep. School at Keyser | May 27 |
| University of Pittsburg or North American Meet at Philadelphia. | |

LLOYD FURBEE.





STAFF OF THE NORMAL "BULLETIN"

Top Row from Left to Right—Wayne Martin, *Business Manager*; Marjorie Ross, *Assistant Literary Editor*; Wm. B. Holden, *Assistant Literary Editor*.

Second Row—Miss Lewis, *Faculty Literary Advisor*; Mr. Lively, *Faculty Business Adviser*.

Lower Row—Rebecca Rutherford, *Editor-in-Chief*; Lloyd McKinley, *Assistant Literary Editor*; Beatrice McConnell, *Assistant Literary Editor*.





GLEE CLUBS

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Center—MISS MULVEY, *Director*

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Dana Jacobs | Lulu McMillen | Bertha Dilgard |
| Florence Richardson | Dale Stout | Margaret Nicols |
| Madeline Fleming | Gail Grant | Blake Neely |
| Margaret Harding | Nora Gaughn | Laetazelle Snyder |
| Nevada Clawson | Florence Wagner | Minnie Dickinson |
| Eva Hartley | Grace Morgan | Louise Schroeder |
| Rhea Fisher | Vinnetta McCoy | Mabel Toothman |



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Lindsay Frame

John Reed

Will Holden

H. D. Wade

Howard Hawkins

A. L. Cunningham

Victor Shaw

Al. Stenger



THE WOMAN'S WORLD

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Johnson Story-Telling-Club

JOR several years there had been attempts to organize a story-telling club—one in which those interested might get practice in telling the stories that children enjoy. These hopes were not realized until the Fall of 1914, when the present club was started under the leadership of Miss Inez Johnson, who called a meeting of all who were interested in that work. Only nine or ten people responded, but her unbounded enthusiasm and untiring efforts made these few an excellent start. Story-telling became the talk of the whole school, in the dormitory, on the bulletin boards, in chapel, even between acts at the picture shows.

When it became time to name the club, the choice was unanimous. It was called the Johnson Story-Telling Club, in honor of its founder and chief promoter.

The work done during the first year was a great success. Each program was given over to particular kinds of stories, such as Norse myths, ghost stories, fairy tales, or Munchausen experiences. Occasionally an evening was given to oral reading from some delightful book like Bang's "House Boat on the River Styx" or Booth Tarkington's "Penrod."

The influence of the club has spread throughout the entire school. Faculty and students alike were heartily concerned with its success. The President of the school often allowed the story-tellers to entertain the Student Body at the chapel period, and, later in the year, credit was given in English work for work done under the direction of the "J. S. T. C."

The membership grew until the room in which they first met would scarcely hold the people who attended the meetings on Thursday evenings. When school opened in September, 1915, the number enrolled was three times what it had been the year before. This number has since increased to eighty.

This year, the club made three new regulations: books were not to be used while telling a story; a fine of five cents was to be imposed on absent members (twenty-five cents, if they were on the program); the members were to sit in circles on the floor, rather than on chairs. All of these regulations have been ardently carried out, except the last one. Our Treasurer, Miss Swiger, sits on Miss Lewis' desk, and Mr. Shreve has a large armchair near the radiator.

Besides the regular work, the club has gone out in the interest of the extension department of the Normal School. Miss Johnson, accompanied by the Misses McConnell, Wagner and Clawson, members of the club, has made trips to several small towns, where they have given good story programs.

For the success of the club, we gratefully give the credit to Miss Johnson. She was never too busy to plan for the program, or too tired to lend her presence and inspirations to the meetings. Her spirit was contagious, and she has made the "J. S. T. C." what it is.

NELL LANHAM, '17.





CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Ohiyesa Camp Fire Circle

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------|-------|------------------|
| Onatoga (<i>Guardian</i>) | | | Ethel Ice |
| Minnehaha | | | Estle Horner |
| Montewasa | | | Edra Manley |
| Chotanka | | | Elizabeth Giffin |
| Minnebogonna | | | Janie Matthews |
| Monnewona | | | Laura Snyder |
| Silver Bell | | | Eleanor Freeland |
| Jaunita | | | Margurite Price |
| Ishkodah | | | Macel Finley |
| Waywaytasee | | | Grace Matthews |

OHIYESA



VER the hills, across the way,
Jaunita called to the girls so gay,
To the girls of Ohiyesa,
“Come, join me on this winter hike;
We’ll win an ‘honor’ ere it’s night.”

Though the ground was wet with recent snow,
Away went the Camp Fire Girls aglow,
The girls of Ohiyesa,
They built a fire of wood so damp,
And won an “honor,” though not at camp.

And this is the way they always do,
Winning “honors” wherever they go;

The girls of Ohiyesa.
With *work*, in *health*, by *love*, they strive
To keep the spark of Home alive.

In handicraft and camp life, too,
They work for “honors” the whole year through,

The girls of Ohiyesa.
They’re true to nature and their country’s good
And strive for perfect womanhood.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Normal Lecture Course



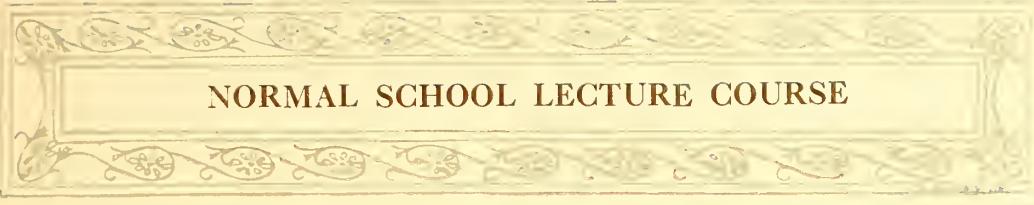
E. L. LIVELY
Faculty Member



R. F. PAYNE
Student Member



W. B. HOLDEN
Manager



NORMAL SCHOOL LECTURE COURSE

Normal School Lecture Course



HE Fairmont State Normal School has had a Lecture Course for a number of years, but not until two years ago did it attain the dignity and strength commensurate with the high standing of the school by which it is operated, or the size and culture of the city in which it is given.

About five hundred of the cultured people of Fairmont recognize the value of the Lecture Course to their city, and are enthusiastic patrons of it. Because of careful and economical management on the part of the Normal School, and hearty co-operation by the patrons, the Course has had a phenomenal growth. Five years ago, the Course cost about \$285. This year, the total cost will approach \$2000.

The chief reason for this remarkable growth is to be found in the fact that the talent appearing on the Course has been the very highest quality obtainable from the best Lyceum Bureaus.

It is generally conceded that this year's Course is the best ever offered in Fairmont, in fact, we are safe in saying, that, compared with the best Courses of the State, it is equalled by few and excelled by none.

Course for the Season 1915-1916

October 12—Frances Ingram, the famous contralto of the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

November 18—Alton Packard, celebrated cartoonist.

April 12—Dr. E. A. Ott, one of the ablest lecturers on the American platform.

December 13—Weber Male Quartette, of New York, second to none in America.

February 11—Montaville Flowers, the finished orator.

February 24—John Kendrick Bangs, in his celebrated "Salubrities I Have Known."

January 14—Victor Murdock, the famous Kansas Red-Headed Insurgent.

December 20—Schumann String Quintette, a very high-class organization.

March 7—Walwyn Evans, the Welsh humorist, nephew of Lloyd George, Grand Chancellor of England.

April 24—Christine Miller.



IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME

It's All in a Lifetime

IF the world goes wrong, and your teachers all should frown,
There's no use to grumble or be looking down,
For it's all in a lifetime.
Take life as it comes, with joys and blight,
When one thing goes wrong, some others go right;
And the more we murmur and rave and fret,
The worse our troubles and perplexities get,
For it's all in a lifetime.

If the girl you are courting should prove untrue,
And walk with a fellow twice as handsome as you,
Well, it's all in a lifetime.
Just hunt up another to be your wife,
Don't sit around and whine—you're a bachelor for life;
And when on your paper you see a big E,
If you sum up your joys, you will readily see,
That it's all in a lifetime.

If we did lose some games, it won't do to fret,
For when we're most sure, it's then we get set,
But it's all in a lifetime.
If luck were always sure to be had,
Our athletic pleasures would go to the bad,
And we'd only kick up a much bigger row,
And grumble still harder than we do now,
For it's all in a lifetime.

There's a lot of bitter, a lot of sweet,
And sorrows and pleasures we're bound to meet,
For it's all in a lifetime.
We can't have our way just when we please
And we can't forever be at our ease,
But the heart that's stout, and the heart that's brave
Will be too cheerful to grumble and rave,
For it's all in a lifetime.

GEORGE GRAGG.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Woman Suffrage Club

We believe in Woman Suffrage because—

- 1—Those who obey the laws should have a voice in choosing those who make the laws.
- 2—Those laws under which women live are passed without their sanction.
- 3—Laws which affect children and the home should include woman's point of view, as well as man's.
- 4—The main aim of the suffrage work is to preserve the home rather than to destroy it.
- 5—Woman Suffrage has not been a failure in the States where women vote.
- 6—It is for the common good of all.

LOUISE SCHROEDER, *President*

VINETTA MCCOY, *Vice-President*

HAZEL DILWORTH, *Secretary*

MINNIE DICKINSON, *Treasurer*



Anti-Suffragette Club

“Equality in character does not imply similarity in function, and the duties and life of men and women should be different in the State, as in the home. Man's service to the State through government is counterbalanced by women's service in the home.”

HAZEL STONE, *President*

LOLA SWIGER, *Vice-President*

MARGARET NICOLS, *Secretary*

PEARL THOMAS, *Treasurer*



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FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



DOBS' BLOCK



LOOP PARK



LITERARY



JACOB'S BLOCK



LOOP PARK



LYCEUM LITERARY SOCIETY

Lyceum Literary Society



THE Lyceum Literary Society was organized in the Spring of 1872. Hyre D. Clark was the first President. Ever since the establishment of the Society, Friday evening has been the time of meeting. Alumni of the school, former Lyceumites, who visit us occasionally and are always enthusiastically received, bring us great tidings of the "good old days" when the Society was just starting. They tell us, too, how great has been the value of the training they received in oratory, debate, and other public performances, as members of Lyceum, and the positions that many of them now hold, prove that they know whereof they speak.

The annual contest with our fellow-society, Mozart, has been a real combat ever since the gift of the "silver wreath" by an alumnus of the Normal, Willis Smith, in 1899. Now, each year, old members of both societies come from far and wide to join in the triumph or defeat of their society, and lend their inspiration and enthusiasm to the occasion. Indeed, "Contest Night" is the biggest night in the whole year.

Always, Lyceum has been a leader in the Normal, and has had a prominent place in the school life. In 1882, the graduation class was named "The Lyceum Class," because every member was a Lyceumite.

During the past year, the Society has been unusually active. Several delightful social affairs have been held, affairs that we hope to make annual occurrences, for they mean much in the promotion of society spirit. That Lyceum spirit is running high is proved by the splendid "thuse" meetings that have been held. The excellent programs that have been given, show, too, that there is genuine interest in the work.

That our people are being recognized elsewhere is an established fact. Of the F. S. N. S. Club, recently organized at W. V. U., Claude Heavener, who won in two contests for us, is President, and Jean Ritchie is Secretary.

At the close of this, our forty-fourth year of successful work, we are looking back with pride upon our record as a Society. Not always have we held the wreath of contests won, but a goodly number of times it has hung upon our walls. This year it is ours, and that we may take it with us to our new home next year, is the earnest wish of every loyal Lyceumite, and that our Society may grow with the growth of our school, is our aim for the coming years.

GRACE KELLEY, '17.



LYCEUM OFFICERS

LLOYD FURBEE, *President*

A. B. STENGER, *Vice-President*

GLEN MARTIN, *Critic*

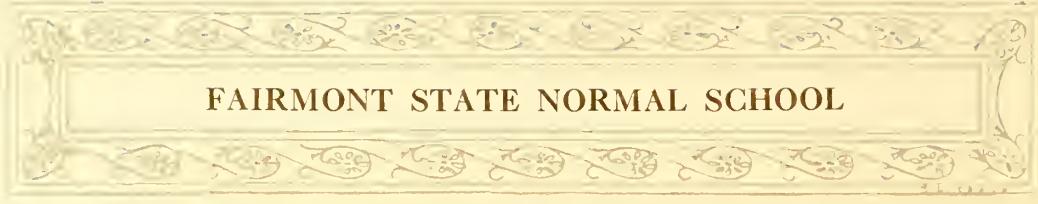
JUNE MOORE, *Secretary*

EPHEL WATSON, *Treasurer*

GEORGE HUNT, *Doorkeeper*

A. CUNNINGHAM, *Usher*

Program Committee—Marjorie Ross, Frank Payne, W. Hughes, Lessie King.
Constitution Committee—Creed Bolyard, Marjorie Ross, Myron Speelman.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Mozart Literary Society

HE Mozart Literary Society was organized on the 11th day of March, 1875. Before this time, there was but one literary society in school, known as the Fairmont State Normal Literary Society. At the beginning of the Fall term in 1875, this society changed its name to Lyceum, and is the Lyceum Society of today. The chief motive for organizing the new society was what was felt to be a necessity—the constitution of the Normal Literary Society did not admit ladies as members, and the organizers of the Mozart Society were far-sighted enough to see the wisdom of admitting both young men and women. The Mozart Society stood then, as it stands now, for what is best, and time has proven our contention.

Breaking down sex prejudice is not the only thing in which the Mozart Society has taken the lead. In the Spring of 1875, after the Society was well organized, a challenge was sent to the Normal Society for a contest. This was held in June of the same year. The contest passed in a friendly struggle; and, with few exceptions, each succeeding year has seen a similar contest, which is one of the most interesting and exciting features of commencement week.

Since 1899, the Societies have contested for the silver wreath, given by Willis Smith, of Elkins, a former student of Fairmont Normal. This wreath is given to the winning Society and adorns their hall until won by the other Society. This has not been a one-sided affair, but the fruits of victory have been enjoyed first by one Society and then by the other.

Perhaps it is not wise to confine our attention wholly to the past, so let us inspect the present and take a glimpse of the future.

This year, the Society has been doing literary work of a high grade. We have had many excellent programs and have given a few special programs, which were well attended by the friends of the Society. All the first-class work done in Society counts on the student's English work. This encourages work of a high character, and its influence is showing in the superior quality of the programs.

The Mozarters set a precedent this year, when they entertained the Lyceum members. This inter-society social was well managed, and was very much enjoyed by all who attended. This will probably be a feature of Society life in future years, for the Lyceumites returned the favor by entertaining the Mozarts. The social was a success and speaks well for the Society.

Next year, we hope to be in our new building. As our new hall will be greatly superior to the old, so we shall strive to make our literary work equally superior to the work we have been doing.

We look back on our forty-one years of successful work with pride. To prove that these have been successful years, we have but to point you to the many noted men and women who have received training in the Mozart Society. True to our motto, they gathered light to scatter. May we do as much!

W. B. H., '16, *Historian.*



MOZART OFFICERS

HERBERT LIVELY, *President*

WAYNE MARTIN, *Vice-President*

HERSCHEL WADE, *Treasurer*
Program Committee—John Reed, Margaret Harding, Grace Morgan, Vineeta McCoy, Will Holden,
Bertha Dilgard, Wayne Martin.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

After All



HE year has gone a-traveling
On its old familiar way.
The time has almost past
And June is here.
And it's with the queerest feeling—
Glad, yet sorry, too—
That we know commencement time
Is drawing near.

Our work's not all been hardship,
Nor the pleasure without pain;
Yet such a pleasant mixture,
I'll be bound,
Will seldom be the portion
Of the students anywhere
As in Fairmont State Normal
We have found.

We've passed in all our subjects—
“With great honors?”—maybe yes.
At least, the marks are down
Upon our cards;
And the first time in our history,
We've a cleanly lettered page.
By no single black condition
Is it marred.

And, as we sit a-pondering
O'er the school life almost past,
The thought comes creeping with
Meaning plain:
That after all, our greatest troubles
Have been mighty little things—
The smallest we may ever
Have again.

While perhaps we've often grumbled
And “knocked” once in a while,
And felt that things were never
Really fair,
Yet there's slowly o'er us creeping
(And we begin to understand)
A feeling that we've had
A chance quite rare.

And there comes a tender feeling
For the good old Normal days—
A feeling all the deeper
For it's test—
And we know that we've been given
Both the highest and the best,
In this, our Alma Mater,
F. N. S.

H. S., '16.



THE LITTLE BLUE NURSE

The Little Blue Nurse

Twas New Year's Eve. Outside a white blanket of snow enveloped everything. The streets were a white, crowded, moving mass, and the snow was still falling. But this beautiful scene was lost on him who lay, pale and weak, in the fourth story. Only the mellow laughter of children, coasting in a nearby secluded street, and the merry tinkle of sleigh bells were carried faintly to his room. The old year was passing. That old year, with its many memories, pleasant and painful, was going fast, but he was unconscious of it all. He tried to raise his head from the pillow, but a hand soft and soothing was placed on his forehead, and a gentle voice told him to lie still. Unconsciously, he obeyed, and soon relapsed again into deep slumber.

Two hours later, the town was all astir. Bells rang, whistles blew, and the whole world seemed awakened. He again raised his head from the pillow. The same soft hand was laid on his forehead, and the gentle voice said, "Be quiet, please."

"I feel all right now," he said. "What has happened to me anyway, and where am I?" That hand again smoothed his forehead, and that charming voice said, "Why, don't you know?"

He was thirsty, so asked in a hoarse voice for water. "We can't give you water," the voice replied, "but here's some ice."

The bells still rang and the whistles blew. A spoon was placed to his lips, and he opened his mouth to receive a small piece of ice. It seemed to melt in an instant, and still he was thirsty. But he became, it seemed to him, perfectly conscious, and looked about him. The lamp was shaded, the whole room was a dark gray, and over him bent a beautiful woman, dressed in blue, with a white apron and cap. It was he of the soft hand and gentle voice. "Tell me what is wrong," he whispered. "What are those bells for? Why am I so sick? Yes, I feel a pain in my side. Tell me what is the matter."

"You have just undergone an operation for appendicitis. You must be very quiet. You are sick because of the anesthetic, but now you will be all right in a little while."

Suddenly it dawned upon him. He remembered his sickness in his home, and that terrible pain, which had ended in unconsciousness. He could remember nothing more. "Give me some water," he said. He was given another piece of ice.

"What are those bells for?"

"They're tolling out the old year. It's New Year's Eve," the sweet voice answered quietly.

The town clock faintly chimed in with its twelve strokes. Instantly the bells ceased their tolling and began to ring joyfully. The New Year had come.

"Where did you think you were?" asked the gentle voice, while the soft hand caressed his forehead.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

"I thought I had died, and the bells were tolling my death. I was in Heaven, and you were my guardian angel."

"You must go to sleep. You are delirious." And the soft hand was pressed over his wrist. "You *must* go to sleep."

The next day, he was awakened from his sleep. He was thirsty and a queer nausea overcame him. He had had a beautiful dream, it seemed to him, but it was all over. He reached out his hand and, lo! again that soft hand pressed his forehead. He looked, and the creature of his dream bent over him; but no longer the bells rang.

"Give me some water," he said.

"All right. You may drink some water now."

"What is the matter with me?" he questioned.

"I told you all about it last night, but you must have been delirious."

"Yes, I remember all about it now. I thought you were an angel."

"Well, I'm just a nurse," she laughed, "and you are in the hospital. You've undergone a serious operation, but you're all right now."

"Yes, I remember. You told me. I can begin to remember now."

Days passed into weeks, and still that girl in blue watched at his bedside. His friends came and went, but he had no desire to see them. He only wished to be with the Little Blue Nurse, as he had christened her.

Oh, Nature! Why are these nurses so pretty and charming? Could any fellow resist falling in love with one, after she has watched beside his bed during the hours in which he has battled with Death? Well, this boy was no exception, and, day by day, the Little Blue Nurse became more and more a part of his life. He continued to improve, and finally the day came when he left the hospital.

There was a great struggle in the boy's heart. He wanted to tuck the little nurse under his arm and make for the nearest parson's; but common sense told him he couldn't do this, and he only said, "I'm coming back to see you as soon as I get really well."

A month passed. The Blue Nurse flitted through his dreams, watching, it seemed to him, at his bedside while he slept. When he would awake, he would look for her, but she was not there. Then the doctor told him he was well, and the first thing he did was to go back to the hospital and inquire for the Little Blue Nurse.

"She has gone to her home in New York."

The world swam before him. He had intended to tell her how much she had come to mean to him, and ask her the question all men ask when they meet the right woman. But she had gone! He staggered and sat down.

"Is she coming back?" he asked.

"No, she has gone home to stay."

"What is her address?"

"We can not give you that."

He turned and blindly made his way out of the hospital. All the world seemed a drear, dark void. He did not know what to do. Should he go and find her? This



THE LITTLE BLUE NURSE

was his next thought, but stern reality faced him. He could never find her—and—he must earn some money, for he was only starting his career.

Months wore on. His employment became a drag. At times during the day, the pen was dropped and he stood in a trance, looking at the vision of the Little Blue Nurse, who had evidently come into his life to stay.

One evening, his employer called him to his office and informed him that his services were no longer required, as he had no time for dreamers, and needed clear-headed men in his office. The young man staggered out of the office, as he had once staggered out of the hospital.

Another month passed. One evening, a friend came into his room. On the table was a pile of written pages. "What is that?" his friend inquired.

"Just a little writing I was doing."

"Would you mind letting me read it?"

"Certainly not. Go ahead," he said listlessly.

The pages consisted of a story. All through it was the personality of the Little Blue Nurse.

His friend read it. "By George, why don't you sell this?" he asked.

"Never thought of it; but I couldn't, anyway. I was just writing to get rid of my feelings."

"Let me try to sell it for you."

A week later, he received a letter from a well-known publisher, with a check which made him jump. "Write us another story," the letter said.

Stories followed. He decided to go to New York—to be close to his publisher, he told himself; but, in reality, it was because he believed that it held somewhere that beautiful Blue Nurse.

Again, it was New Year's Eve. From a public roof garden, he looked down upon the surging mass in the street far below, wondering if, somewhere in that crowded street, could be the girl of his dreams.

"Isn't it just lovely, the lights, the people, and all?" It was a woman's voice. Something in that voice set all his nerves a-tingle. Where had he heard it before, so sweet and so filled with life? Surely he *had* heard it.

He turned. An elderly man was watching the crowd below. Beside the man were an elderly lady and a girl. One glance at the girl was sufficient. It was she, the Little Blue Nurse! Without her uniform, she looked like a schoolgirl, yet it was she.

A few quick steps and he was by her side. "Why, how do you do?" he said feebly holding out his hand. The bells had begun their tolling, and the whistles blew.

She blushed and looked at him. Then a flash of recognition came over her face. "Why, of all things! What ever brought you here? I have been reading your stories, but I never dreamed you were here." A crimson flush had covered her cheeks.

"I was looking for you," he said simply, taking her small gloved hand, which she had extended to him.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

They were totally unconscious of all around them, even of the elderly couple, who stood frowning at the unbelievable sight, and wondering why their daughter let the strange man hold her hand so long.

"Oh, I had forgotten," she said, freeing her hand. "I wish you to meet my father and mother."

"But, why did you run away?" he asked, as they watched the crowd unseeingly.

"I didn't mean to run away—I didn't think that you—anyone cared," she said, hesitatingly.

"Care?" he questioned. "Why, I—I have always cared—since the first minute I heard your voice and felt your hand on my forehead."

Then, drawing her close, he told her the same story, which has been told over and over, and never grows old.

Twelve resounding strokes from the clock towers announced the turn of Time. Instantly the bells' tones became musical gladness to the world. The revelry of all the noises announced that the New Year had come.

Again, their eyes met. The next instant she was in his arms.

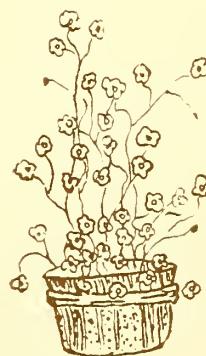
"Do you remember one year ago tonight, sweetheart?" he whispered, holding her close.

"Yes," that soft voice answered, in tones so sweet and low that only Love's ear could have heard.

Then the old people remembered a period in their lives which corresponded to this, and understandingly looked at each other and smiled.

It was a Happy New Year.

L. H. MCKINLEY.



GOLD BRICKS

Gold Bricks

(A Fable)



NCE upon a time, there lived a Girl and a Boy. Both were the offspring of plain, hard-working farmer folks, and both were anxious to acquire a certain amount of the stuff called Education. Beyond this, they were not related. In fact, they did not even know each other.

When the time came for them to lay aside Lewis' State History and McGuffy's Eighth Reader, and become acquainted with those things known as Algebra and Latin I, both dreamed of college and higher education. But there was little ready cash on either farm, so the Boy could not go away. He had to wait until he could earn the "where-with-all" to pay his tuition and buy his neckties. The Girl, on the other hand, being a girl, could not be expected to indulge in menial labor, so she was sent away to school. Her father and mother worked early and late to keep their bank account above zero.

In about four years, the Girl had had all the "rough edges" well rounded; in fact, she had even got to the place where she could keep from sounding her "R's" and talk about some things being "so dreadfully common." Also she had learned the way to wear her clothes and roll her eyes so she could set the heart of any man in a flutter. Truly, she used her charms on one and all alike; she even wasted them on the "new students." Rumor had it, however, that townsfellows were her "specialty."

About this time, the Boy hung his overalls on a peg in the barn, put on his Sunday suit, and, pocketing more ready cash than the Girl had ever seen, boarded the train for the same school where the Girl was—namely, Fairmont Normal. Clutching his suit case in one hand, and a Webster's Dictionary in the other, he approached the Building where he had heard that much education could be had for little money.

It being a warm, sunshiny day, and about one o'clock, the campus was fairly teeming with girls, and the Boy could not tell whether he had found a Woman's Suffrage Club or a Female Seminary.

After standing first on one foot and then on the other, and getting a color that the Girl would have envied in a middy tie, he searched around for his nerve and finally managed to inquire if this were the Fairmont State Normal School. The Girl was the first to control her laughter at the "queer, green young man." Dim memories of her first appearance in the same place was the "controller." She even offered to take him to the room where you paid your money and got the card which permitted you to enter the kingdom of the Faculty. Only a very few times did she wink out of the tail of her eye at her giggling friends, as she helped the Boy eliminate his conflicts and locate the rooms where he was to have his education dosed out in daily portions. He told her that he simply could not have done it alone. She glared in the grateful way in which he thanked her. The fact that he was "rough" did not keep her from seeing that she had made a hit. The Girl was quite fond of hits—field or otherwise.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Boy, not knowing women, except those back on the farm, was delighted with this fair creature. He knew that she was "all to the good," both in looks and kindness. He thought girls who went to Normal were after Education; he did not know that some of them took Admiration, even if they did take it as a side issue. Of course, he had not noticed it in the schedule. His heart began to beat a few extra notes as she left him. It kept up its queer proceedings whenever he saw her thereafter, which was quite often. It seemed to him that she could not diffuse so much radiance all the time as she did when he met her in the halls or on the campus.

At the fall reception, she was nice to him, too. She even asked him to take her to get some punch. He noticed, though, that he was not the only pebble on her beach. A glittering creation in a queer long-tailed coat, with many shiny jewels on his person, seemed to consider himself a part of her shore line—in fact, the biggest part of it. The Boy recognized him from the pictures in the Sunday paper's advertisement of "Nu-Stile" clothes, and remembered that he was a Dude. Afterwards, he saw him on the street and admired the way he twirled his cane and tipped his hat. He did not know that there was not much beneath the hat to keep it from tipping. He envied the Dude, and knew that he, himself, was a "rough-neck" and lacked style. He thought how well the Dude and the Girl were suited, and did not blame her for not liking him.

After that, he worshipped the Girl from afar—not that she did not come close enough to give him a chance to worship her at close range, but because he felt that he was not fit to touch the hem of her garments. He set himself diligently to his work and tried to see others of the fair sex, who did not have Dude attachments, and, therefore, did not come so high. But, somehow, he could not forget the Girl. She wouldn't let him.

By and by, he began to hope. She asked him to sharpen her pencils and set him to carrying dishes and tacking crepe paper, when they were getting ready for a party. In reality, she had asked him to help on her committee—"he was so dependable." During the time, she even let her hand lie in his for almost a minute once, when he was helping her down off a stepladder. He did not see the mischievous look in her eyes—he was too busy looking. Once, after that, he asked her to go to the "movies." He had had wild dreams of the Ideal and Communtzi's with her by his side. The reasons she gave for not going with him that time would have been sufficient to keep her away from the Golden Gate on the Judgment Day. And the Boy believed her; he believed everybody then.

When school was out, she bade him a special farewell (it was *special* for all—but, of course, the Boy could not know that), and he sighed deeper than if she had meant it. She said she would send him a card as soon as she got home. The Boy went home, too. He waited for the card as expectantly as if it had been a check for a million. He thought of the Girl most of the time. He believed she was thinking of him, too. Certainly she had acted—but then the Boy was still "the Boy."



GOLD BRICKS

Eventually the card came, but it was in an envelope. The Boy's hand shook and his heart beat faster than ever as he opened it. But it stopped when he read the card, for the Girl had married the glittering Dude, and this was the Announcement.

The Boy did not quite understand, so he delved still further into his school work to find out. He finished Normal, and still he wasn't quite sure of things, so he went on to a University. Even after he had finished that, he went still deeper into the study of things. In finding out, he became a Man. He accumulated a vast store of knowledge, and a broad interest in life. Before many years, he became Something. The Normal Lecture Course brought him back to Fairmont to tell the people some of the things he had found out.

The Girl was still in Fairmont, too. She and the Dude were living there. His cane had lost its jaunty swing, and his picture was no longer in the Sunday papers—at least, you would not have recognized him. He did not tip his hat as nicely as before, but not because there was any more under it. The "glitters" were gone from his tie and fingers, too. *They* had gone to furnish the first flat. He had lost quite frequently of late, and, in fact, it was pretty "slim pickin'."

The wife of the Dude had acquired something, though—namely, experience. She had seen a lot of things in a downtown flat that she could not see from the Normal School campus, and had begun to talk about "Woman's rights." The high cost of living had taken a lot of spice from her loving. Rumor had it that the Dude was not as congenial as he had been in his "palmy days." In fact, the Girl was now the Woman.

When the Woman knew that the Man who was going to give the famous lecture was once the Boy, and one whom she had classed as a "flame" of hers, she took inventory of her stock and realized that she had got the worst of the bargain. In fact, she knew she had bought damaged goods. But she had signed the contract, and, of course, they could not be exchanged. Still, there was no harm in looking over the rejected lot, so she went to the lecture and heard the Man. She contrasted him with the Dude and measured them by the Woman's standards. She also thought a great deal. When she left the building, she knew something that she had not known before. This is what she knew:

Choosing a husband is just like buying gold bricks. All that glitters is not gold, and all that is gold does not glitter.

HAZEL STONE, '16.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Jake's Setback

JT was Jake Brown's first year in the Fairmont Normal School. He had entered school in the Fall from a little country village, many miles distant, where he had been the social "lion," tagged after by the girls, and envied by the boys.

But even the high opinion of the girls was nothing to be compared with the high regard in which he held himself. He had never met the girl yet that he had not captivated in a short time-- if he so desired. He was always at his ease before the young ladies, and could talk about anything at any time. He was sure, when he went to school, that he would get along "famously" with the young ladies of the institution.

He heralded his leaving far and wide in the village several days before the time set for his departure. On the morning he was to leave, a large group of boys and girls was at the station to see him off. He bade farewell to the girls in a flattering manner, and his farewell to the boys was most condescending. When the train had pulled away from the station and he was watching farms and farmhouses fly past, he thought: "How popular I am! Wasn't there a large crowd down to see me off? Gee! I hope the bunch realized what a distinction it is to have one of them going away to school," and many other happy thoughts.

It was near noon when the train reached Fairmont. Taking his suit case and umbrella, he started up the street from the station, and went into a restaurant for his dinner. He sat down at one of the small, round-topped tables, set his suit case on the floor, laid his umbrella on the table, and tilted his hat on the back part of his head, and wished his friends back home could see him.

Presently, a fairy vision came smiling towards him and asked, "Do you want a regular dinner?" Jake was so taken aback by her sudden appearance and sweet smile that he could barely stammer, "Ye-es, ma'am!" When she had left with his order, that she had adroitly helped him to select, he smiled to himself and said, "My, but wasn't she taken with me? I wish I was acquainted with her. I would like to know her name. She's some looker! I just believe I'll take all of my meals here, and that will give me a chance to get acquainted."

After the pretty, little waitress had brought Jake his dinner, she was very busy serving elsewhere in the room. Jake watched her during his meal and thought, "Oh but isn't she good-looking! Think how she smiled at me! Wouldn't the folks back home be surprised if they saw her? I'm going to make a hit with her sure. I'll bet she'd like to know me."

After Jake had lingered over his dinner as long as he could, he picked up his suit case and umbrella, went over and paid the bill and went out. He inquired his way to the Normal, and soon found it. When he reached President Rosier's office, he was somewhat appalled by the sight of so many young people gathered together, but he thought, "Wait until they know *me*! I'll bet every girl in school will want to go with me." As soon as he had enrolled, he was sent out with a tall young man, wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses, to find a rooming place. "Wouldn't I look good in glasses like

JAKE'S SETBACK

those? That little, blue-eyed girl in the restaurant would think I was better looking than ever. She sure would smile at me then. I'm going to have a pair."

After he had found a rooming place, and his trunk had been sent up, he began to unpack. Soon a young man entered, giving his name as George Phillips, and saying that he was his roommate. They immediately struck up a conversation, Jake telling him about his standing among the young people back home, and especially how popular he was with the ladies. He omitted, however, to tell him about the little, blue-eyed waitress. As their conversation drifted from one thing to another, this new friend asked "Are you for Woman Suffrage?"

Jake looked surprised, and repeated, "Woman Suffrage?"

George hastened to explain that woman suffrage meant giving the women the right to vote. Across Jake's mind flitted the vision of the waitress, and he thought she ought to have the right to vote. He promptly answered that he was in for it. George seemed surprised, and exclaimed, "Jimminy! You aren't for Woman Suffrage, are you?" But no amount of arguing on his part could change Jake's mind, although the term was quite vague; if the pretty little waitress wanted to vote, she should have the right.

Supper time found Jake back at the restaurant. Again the little waitress came to help him select his meal. He had carefully planned what he should say to her when she came for the order, but, somehow, his speech had fled, and he could only say, "How-de-do!" and she responded with a "Good evening" and a smile.

While she was gone with his order, he framed another speech, but, like a beginner in debate, he forgot the main points of his address, and could only say in a voice that was not his own, "It's been a warm day, ain't it?" She replied very politely, that it had, as she arranged his dishes and went to wait on other customers. When he had finished his meal, she was still busily engaged, and he lingered until a stern look from the proprietor warned him that he had better be going.

The next day, but very few people were in the restaurant when Jake went for his dinner. This time after the pretty waitress had brought him his meal, she smilingly said, "You must have become a resident of this city?"

"No, I am just going to school over at the Normal," came the quick reply.

"You seem to have a large number of students over there," she added encouragingly.

"Yes, quite a few," he answered, "and mostly girls, at that."

At this remark, she looked at him coquettishly and said, "Oh, I suppose that suits you."

This remark completely fussed Jake, and he was unable to answer that he was quite at home with girls, before she was called to another table.

When she came back, he asked, "Do you like to work here?"

"O, yes," she replied, "I had always wanted the experience of working in a restaurant, and when I got the chance here, I took it. Papa didn't want me to do it, but finally consented when he saw that I wanted to so much. As Jake finally tore himself

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

away, the "sweet thing" said to another waitress, "Did you see that 'greenie' who ate over there? Well, I'm going to have some fun. Watch me!"

In Algebra class that afternoon, the conversation of the dinner table kept coming up in Jake's mind, and instead of the usual $3x=12$, $x-4$, he thought only, "What pretty, red cheeks she has! She's *some* dresser, too. I've got to find out her name tonight."

That night Jake mustered up enough courage to ask her her name, but she only answered, blushingly, that she couldn't think of telling him until she knew his. He hurriedly told her, and, after a great deal of coaxing, with modest hesitancy, she informed him that her name was "Rose Deerfield." He went into ecstacies over the "Rose," telling her that it was the prettiest name he had ever heard, but she only answered, "Aw, don't try to flatter me."

During the mealtime for a couple of weeks, the conversations continued. Finally, one night, Jake asked her to go to the "movies" with him. "O, I'm awfully sorry," she answered, "but I promised Papa that I would come over home as soon as my work was done tonight. I would be glad to go next Friday night, if you want me to go then," she finished slyly.

Of course, he "wanted her to go then," and his joyful feeling over his engagement could not be restrained. If he could win such a good looking girl as this in Fairmont, his social position would be assured, and soon he would be the "social lion" here, as at home. Hurrying to his room, he told George all about the whole affair, expecting to be congratulated. But George's comment on the "date" was like a dash of cold water—"You had better be careful whom you are going about with; that girl may be a married woman, for all you know." But Jake could not "hear."

On Friday night, Jake was at the restaurant at eight o'clock, togged out with a new pair of glasses with black frames. She thought he looked "swell," and the glasses surely improved his looks—at least, she told him so. A feeling of pride swept over him at these words of praise from her. He felt that his success was complete.

When the show was over, they went to Cummuntzi's, and from there home. On their way, she said many flattering words to him, and he was surely enamoured with them. Never in his life had he had such a good time! He mentally resolved to ask her to go with him again soon—in fact, every night, if she could go. So taken up with her and her conversation was he, that he scarcely noticed where she was leading him, until they were mounting to the third story of the—Flats. However, he was brought back to his senses by the opening of the door. Sitting by the fireplace of a small room, was a young man with a several day's growth of beard on his face, smoking a cigar. In the corner, playing, was a little boy about four years old, dressed in a pair of dirty, blue overalls and an old white shirt.

Rose greeted the man with a "Hello, Hubby!" and, looking at the little boy, said, "O, Billy, come over here and see what a nice playmate mamma has brought you," as she pointed her finger at Jake.

R. FRANK PAYNE.

HER MISSION

Her Mission



MARY BROWN was just a maiden, not too old, nor yet too young,
With a host of nut-brown tresses, that grew golden in the sun,
With a taste for ten-cent novels, and a hankering after boys,
And a love for clothes so gaudy that they almost made a noise.

Now Mary's folks old-fashioned were, in views as well as clothes,
And what they'd want their girl to do, as everybody knows,
Would be to marry some nice chap—one of the neighbor boys—
And settle down to married life, its sorrows and its joys.

But, since Mary seemed inclined to be a little gay and fast,
Each season found her married less than she had been the last;
So that her parents, getting scared that she was getting notions,
Raked their brains to figure out some quietative potions.

By reason of its great repute as a place of strictest rule,
They decided they would send their child to Fairmont Normal School.
The hardest subjects on the course, they'd see that she did carry,
So that long before the year was o'er, she'd gladly come and marry.

So up to Fairmont Mary went, adventure in her heart—
If she had to attend "that Normal School," in the fun she'd have a part.
She'd make a hit with all the boys, and take in all the shows,
And all the things she planned to do!—Well, Heaven only knows!

She was greeted at the Normal with a welcome all its own—
The girls were all *just* lovely, but, if she'd only known,
They were trying hard to win her with their demonstrations hearty,
To be a standpat member of the Woman Suffrage Party.

One look at the Normal fellows, who were nothing more than boys,
And she began to feel that, after all, the men only toys;
Then, seeing all the visions of her conquests onward sail,
Launched out with the "female species," much "more deadly than the male."

Now Mary Brown was not a girl to do a thing half-way,
And when she once was in the fight, she worked both night and day.
To figure out the pros and cons, she all the data read—
To merely say "she knew it all," leaves more than that unsaid.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Her taste for ten-cent novels, and her hankering after boys,
Went the way of the clothes so gaudy that they almost made a noise.
Her tastes in clothes were as quiet as a deaconess might want,
For, don't you see, her clothes were made just a la militánt.

She never failed to speak her mind—she was a suffrage star—
And some of her famous suffrage talks were known both near and far.
Mrs. Pankhurst heard of her, and a flattering chance was given
To go out in the world and defend the cause—to plead for “votes for women.”

Alas for Mary's parents' hopes—their dream of the neighbor boy!
On the platform Mary found, at last, her forte and joy.
She was never meant for wedded bliss, and “higher education”
Gave her the chance she might have missed—to spread suffrage through the nation.

PAT, '16.



Cinderella Modernized

HAD it been a glass slipper instead of a number seven (?) overshoe, this story might have had a different ending. As it is, our friend Beatrice can only sigh and repeat o'er and o'er, Maud Muller's “It might have been.”

As the story goes, one memorable day when Beatrice was at the station, HE stepped from a train —HE, of whom she had dreamed, in fact, her “ideal” in flesh and blood. Their eyes met, and she knew that, at last, her Prince Charming had come. Again their eyes met, and that indescribable, indefinable look passed between them.

At last, Beatrice came to her senses enough to know that she could not stand there “mooning” all day, so she tore her eyes from his and started up the steps. He followed. She could feel him coming nearer and nearer, but he made no attempt to walk beside her. At last, he spoke. Beatrice's heart stopped beating, but only for a moment. “I beg your pardon, Lady, but is this yours?” he said, extending a dripping gum overshoe toward her. It was, and she took it without a word, for she was speechless. The Prince had found Cinderella, but romance died under the weight of the shoe, for, as I said in the beginning, it was a number seven?



COOKING CLASS



MANUAL TRAINING



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

AUTUMN RECEPTION

AN event to which all the students look forward with interest is the Autumn Student Body Reception, which has become an established affair. This year, it was held Saturday evening, September 25, in the library of the Normal.

The school colors, yellow and white, furnished the color scheme for the decorations. The library was tastefully decorated with goldenrod and crepe paper, ferns, palms and potted plants furnished a delightful background.

In the receiving line were the President of the Student Body and the Chairman of the Social Committee, as host and hostess, President and Mrs. Rosier, and the members of the Faculty.

The entertainment throughout the evening consisted of music, games, and "getting acquainted" processes. Late in the evening, refreshments were served in Mozart Hall, carrying out the color scheme in every detail.



ASTER TEA

CACH year, shortly after the opening of school, an informal tea is given by the members of the Young Women's Christian Association to all the girls of the school and the ladies of the faculty. This tea, while not a formal social event, is planned so that the new girls of the school may soon become acquainted and feel at home.

This year, an "Aster Tea" was given on Friday afternoon, September 17, from four to five o'clock, in the Dormitory parlors. The rooms were prettily decorated with asters and ferns, and music was furnished throughout the affair.

Mrs. Higby and Miss Nell McConnell presided at the tea tables, and purple asters were given as favors.



MOZART PARTY

THE Mozart Literary Society delightfully entertained the Lyceum Literary Society at an informal party given in Mozart Hall, Saturday evening, October 9. The hall was prettily decorated with goldenrod, ferns and palms. Early in the evening, a splendid program, consisting of readings, vocal and instrumental music, was given. Everyone enjoyed the games, which were indulged in after the program. Late in the evening, delicious refreshments were served.



SPRING STYLES AS WE SEE THEM IN FAIR

SCHOOL PARTIES

THE DORM GIRLS ENTERTAIN

ONE of the most enjoyable social events of the year was the Valentine Party given by the girls of the Dormitory, on the evening of Saturday, February 12.

The Dormitory parlors were tastefully decorated in red, St. Valentine's color. Hearts, darts and Cupids were scattered in profusion throughout the rooms. Great bunches of red carnations completed the decorations.

During the evening, games in keeping with the season were played. Magic rings were found in the corners of the rooms, where everyone tried to find what the future held in store for him. One could have his choice of Love, Health, Happiness or Wealth for a good shot. Red tulips and smilax furnished the decorations for the dining-room, where refreshments were served late in the evening.



SPRING STUDENT BODY RECEPTION

IS the Autumn Student Body Reception an established affair, so is the one held each year at the beginning of the "Spring Term." This is given in honor of the students who enter in the Spring, and, this year, was held on the evening of April 1.

The library of the Normal, where most of the social affairs are held, was tastefully decorated with daisies, the school flower, yellow and white carnations, ferns and potted plants.

Progressive conversation and Leap Year proposals were the leading features of the evening's entertainment. Many devices for getting people acquainted were used, and music was furnished during the evening.

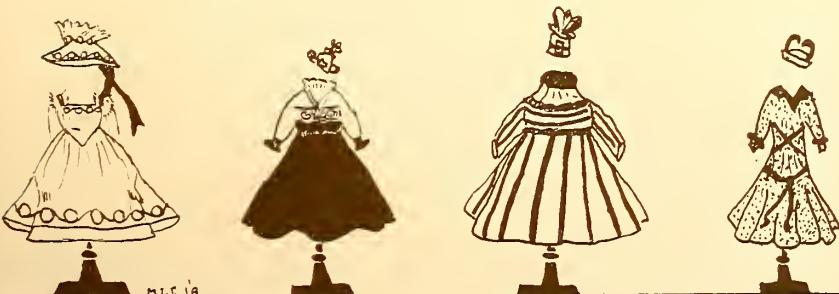
Punch was served throughout the evening. At a late hour, the guests were invited to an improvised tea room in the rear of the library, where delicious refreshments were served.



LYCEUM RECEPTION

ON Saturday evening, April 8, a return party was given by the Lyceum Literary Society to the members of the Mozart. The Lyceum Hall was prettily decorated with pennants, ferns, palms and yellow jonquils. Early in the evening, a program, consisting of readings, vocal and instrumental music, was given. At the close of the program, the guests were divided into different groups, and charades were given.

Punch was served throughout the evening, and, at a suitable hour, excellent refreshments were served.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HALLOWEEN PARTY

STROLLING across the Normal campus on Halloween night, could be seen many queer-looking folks, wending their way to the annual Halloween Party. When these people reached the lower hall of the building, they were met by two persons, representing Death and his Satanic Majesty, who took them through Hades. After going through the dark lower regions, where goblins, dwarfs and ghosts abounded, these people were then taken to the library, where the real festivities were held.

Autumn leaves were strewn over the library floor, and banked about the walls, until the whole scene was a forest. In the corner of the room were shocks of fodder, in which large jack-o'-lanterns were placed, causing a weird light to be cast over the room.

Halloween games and quaint folk dances, for which a ghoul's orchestra furnished the music, were played during the evening. At a late hour, refreshments, consisting of cider, gingerbread, apples and nuts were served in Mozart Hall by ghosts and witches.

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AFTER EXAM JUBILEE

ON Friday, January 21, everyone was happy because the first semester examinations were over. As the Y. W. C. A. National Jubilee Celebration started that week, the Y. W. C. A. girls decided to have a real Jubilee, and celebrate both affairs at once. Only lady members of the faculty and the girls in school were invited.

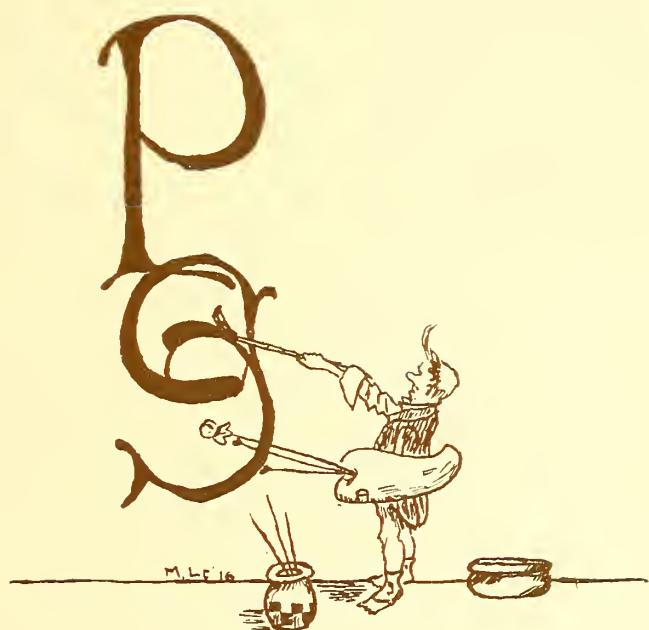
At eight o'clock on Saturday evening, quite a large number of young ladies, dressed in costumes of all descriptions, had assembled in the auditorium of the Normal. Soon, the visitors were surprised at the appearance of a number of the male members of the faculty, Mr. Lively, Mr. Higby, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Teter. A general feeling of disgust was felt throughout the audience that not even one party could be held without the men, but when it was apparent that their sole aim was to entertain the ladies, the feeling was softened, and their program enjoyed to the fullest. Later, it was learned that the men were only impersonated by a number of girls, namely, Mr. Lively—Lola Swiger; Mr. Higby—Miss Rutherford; Mr. Barnes—Miss Snyder; Mr. Teter—Miss Peters. *The feature* of the evening, however, was a talk on "Woman" by Mr. Shreves, the impersonator of whom had better remain "incog."

After the program, everyone went to Mozart Hall, where a chafing dish supper was served. Misses Stone and Swiger presided at the chafing dishes, and Miss Dickinson at the coffee urn.

MINNIE DICKINSON.

As one of the Dorm girls came tripping into the parlor recently and paused beside the fireplace, a gallant student (useless to explain that he was "new") rushed madly toward her and said, "I beg your pardon, but you have dropped your ring." Stooping gracefully down, he vainly tried to lift the brass ring wherein usually reposes the gas key.

You don't see the joke? Well, *he* did.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Stimulus and Response



Listen, good people, and you shall hear,
Not the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
Not the story of any terrible raid,
But how Prof. Shreve had a picture made.

'Twas not one of those to hang around,
But a mighty good one to go in the Mound —
One fit to grace my lady's dresser,
The expression of which will not oppress 'er.

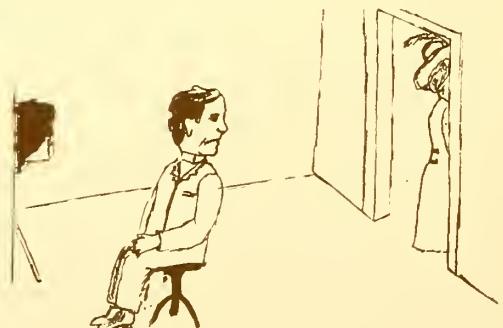
Now, a sorrowful look was his one tribulation,
So he took along for an inspiration,
Miss Johnson, whose ever pleasant look
Would brighten the pages of any book.

Schwaner gave one glance at his victim
And ushered him up to the mirror to fix 'im,
The Prof. daubed on the powder and stuff,
Until poor Miss Johnson cried "Enuff! Enuff!"



They placed him in a revolving chair;
Miss Johnson smoothed out each wayward
hair —
They buttoned his coat and adjusted his tie,
Then Schwaner told Miss Johnson to hie.

The moment Miss Johnson was out of his
sight,
A change in expression as from day to night
Came over his face, and like a "plumb-
goner,"
The Prof. fixed his dying gaze on Schwaner.



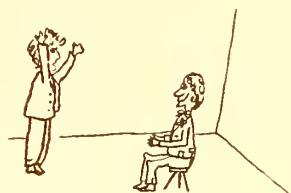
STIMULUS AND RESPONSE



"Lady! Lady!" Schwaner cried in dismay,
 "Pray from his sight you must not go away."
 Miss Johnson stepped in from the other
 room—
 Prof. Shreve smiled like a full-grown moon.

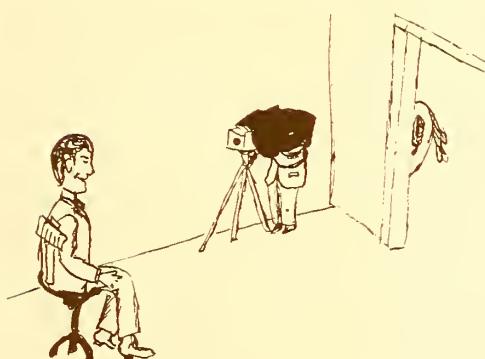
The photographer grew more distressed than ever.
 He knew that he could never, never
 Take in with one camera all of that smile,
 The extent of which was nearly a mile.

"Back! Lady, Back! Too much of this stuff
 Is really as bad as not quite enough.
 Perhaps if you will show just a part of your pate,
 This gentleman's smile we may regulate."



Miss Johnson went slowly out by degrees.
 Presto! a change in the look of Prof. Shreves.
 The smile died out with her going, as day
 Goes out with the sun on an evening in May.

The smile diminished with her every step—
 Schwaner his eye on the victim kept.
 The expression was perfect—there's good
 proof of that—
 When the Prof. saw a curl and the brim of
 her hat.



"There's Psychology in having a picture taken,"
 Miss Johnson said, as they were makin'
 Their way once more to their favorite haunts—
 "I am the stimulus—you're the response."

PAT, ETC.

(For final results, see front of book.)



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Encyclopedia Normalanica

Bulletin—A monthly publication upheld by a few, and criticized by the rest.

Content, Form and Spirit—A ready answer for every question in Mr. Mercer's Novel Class.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Education—Adjustment to environment, viz, a room 20 degrees below zero at 8.10 in the morning.

Encore—Second semester on one subject.

Evolution—A clever trick performed by one Darwin, who made a monkey out of Adam.

Formal Discipline—A state in which the youngster sits beneath suspended swords, handcuffed, and answers questions at the point of a gun—approved by Prof. Higby.

Goat—A creation usually referred to as having been obtained, as, "I Got His Goat."

Household Art—The ability to plan, make and maintain a home out of paper.

Labrador Current—Mr. Higby's way of sweeping through the halls between classes.

Library—Interrupted "Day Dreams."

Mound—An unknown quantity as this goes to press.

Neurones—A conglomeration of gray matter, containing the quintessence of creation, and, according to Mr. Shreves, found only in the heads of the male sex.

Oasis—Point Marion, Pa.

Pacifist—One who does not believe in striking anything except an attitude.

Personality—A filmy garment worn by a few Seniors and sought for by the rest. Its price is greatly increased since the war, in fact, it can only be obtained through Miss Johnson.

Senior Normal English—Getting down to brass tacks and working them out.

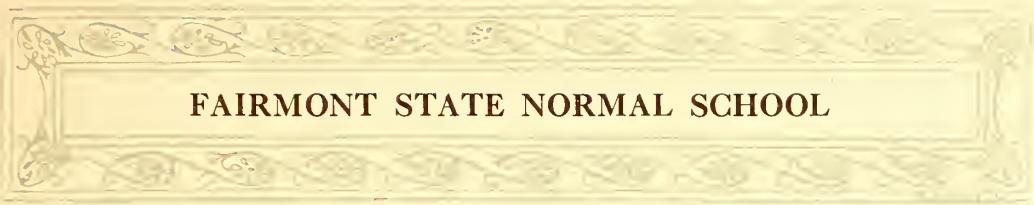
Shark—Successor to the owl—as a symbol of wisdom—"a shark in Math."

Short Course—A stepping-stone between High School and Matrimony, supplying the wherewithal for a white satin gown and a bridal veil.

Training School—An intellectual upheaval exercising the neurones.

Whirlwind—Lulu McMillen breezing into an 8.10 class at 8.40.

X-ray—An examination.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Miss Johnson—I never let my pupils use slang, do you?

Mr. Teter—For the love o' Mike, no. I always slam them on the bean, and make them cut it out first crack out o' the box.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Rogers (*in Chemistry*)—What is soda water?

Freshie—Five cents a glass.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Bee McConnell's Prayer after F. S. N. S. vs. Wesleyan Basket-Ball Game.

Oh, Father, I thank you
For this. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Bless F. S. N. S.,
Bless Raymond and me,
Ha, ha, ha,
Now Amen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Business Manager—Have you forgotten to pay for your cut in the Mound?"

Student—Not yet; give me time.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

ELEVAT

Miss Eaton, while in Washington for the first time, visited the Congressional Library. She was much inspired by the beauty and grandeur of the wonderful building, and her enraptured soul soared high, as she gazed upon the panels bearing the names of great and famous men, who have contributed to the world of art and literature.

“Isn’t it strange what a train of glorious thoughts just the mention of the names of those wonderful people can bring to one’s mind?” she mused, as she went from one panel to another. “Milet—why, I can just see his pictures in my mind’s eye, and Lowell—what a treat to have so many inspirational thoughts brought to one!” Who was that, I wonder? Elevat—, Elevat—. Strange that a person great enough to have his name here should be entirely unknown to me.’

After pondering for several minutes to recall someone of that name, she, at last, gave up in despair, resolving to look it up at her first opportunity. She started to the next panel, but, looked back for a final perusal of the name. She saw more than she had before. She had not seen all the name, and at the end of it was a hand pointing toward the exit. The name in full was—Elevator.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Speelman—I just read an account of two girls getting lost in the Alps in midwinter.
George Gregg—Terrible! were they frozen to death?
Speelman—No, they warmed themselves on the mountain ranges.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Business Manager—Say, Doc, shall I put down the track team's budget under profit and loss?

Coach—No, charge it up to running expenses.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Lucille Mulvaney—What course is Lucille Rowen studying in the F. S. N. S.?

Sara Carter—I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“It says here that there is enough phosphate in a man's body to make 8,000 boxes of matches,” said the Old Fogey, Shreve, as he looked up from his newspaper.

“Well,” commented the Grouch, Higby, “you can't blame a man because he flames up once in a while.”

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Here's to Miss Johnson,
With “personality” rare;
We're sure that no others
Can with her compare.
She hates Woman Suffrage
And dresses that flare,
But loves “Pa” Shreve's Overland
And lots of fresh air.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“I hear that Miss Johnson is a strict vegetarian.”

“Strict! She certainly is. Why, she won't even eat animal crackers.”

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Dorothy Harris (*studying for music test*).

Miss Tennant (*working on English*)—Say, Dorothy, do you know what a formal note is?

Dorothy (*not glancing up and her eyes still glued on her music paper*)—Why, I never heard one.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Victor Shaw, who is the type of youth who indulges in loud clothes and a hat forced over his ears, dropped into the dental chair.

“I'm afraid to give him gas,” said the dentist to the assistant.

“Why?”

“How can I tell when he's unconscious?”

OUR EDITOR

Our Editor

(Rejected by the Bulletin)

Rebecca is our editor,
And does her duty well.
But incline your ear, dear reader,
And hear what I've to tell.

Rebecca is a suffragette;
And a Lyceumite is she,
But she says, "A Mozarter I'll get,
Just you wait and see."

So down the hall she swiftly swayed,
Till she came to the Mozart door,
And there she very politely stayed,
Until the debate was o'er.

Then Leo, who was keeping door,
Allowed her to go through,
And, as she passed, she looked him o'er
And said to herself, "He'll do."

When Society at last adjourned,
And the pairs began to form,
The heart of all Mozart yearned,
For the doorkeeper went to the Dorm.

Then Rebecca took him 'round
To show him to "Ma" Snider,
And every evening since that time,
Leo's been beside 'er.

There are some who don't think it fair,
Especially the Mozart girls,
For they say Becky got more than her share,
And they're going to pull her curls.

H. D. W., '17.



George Washington II

As a witness for his honesty, George Gregg has this story to tell.

One day, when he was about twelve years old, and was attending a country school, he bloodied a schoolmate's nose in a fight. It was at the noon hour, and the teacher was not present, so, lest he find out and give him a thrashing, George took the victim to the creek and washed away the battle stains.

When school took up again, the teacher looked over the room, and said, in a stern voice, "Well, boys, where did you wash the blood off?"

"In the creek," came George's ready answer.

"Come forth; your medicine is ready," said the teacher, taking the good, old "hickory" from the corner. They went, and the "medicine" wasn't even candy-coated. In fact, George says he has never looked the same since.

The joke? Why, George was the joke, although it took him several years to see it. The teacher had not known that there had been a fight, and merely made the remark to the school in general for a pleasantry.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Don't You Remember

1915

September 7—Everybody shaking hands. Enrollment.

September 8—More arrivals. More kisses and handshaking.

September 9—Seventeen "Dorm" girls make a raid on the "Dixie." Attraction—Charlie Chaplin.

September 10—Literary Societies have a "big blow-out." Result—new members.

September 11—(Saturday's special.) Frame and Fox call at "Dorm" without recommendations. Much confusion, but Pat and Paul come to the rescue.

September 13—Carnival in town. Pat is presented with a bunch of balloons.

September 14—Pete trims her hat.

September 15—Frame and Fox receive "Dorm" Rules and Regulations. They never came back.

September 16—All the girls crazy about the new head of Education Department.

September 17—Y. W. C. A. tea in afternoon. Water pipes burst on third floor of "Dorm." Girls wade out in gum boots. Holden and Wade to the rescue in boats.

September 23—All the girls making dates at the Marinello Shops, in order to get "dolled" up for the reception.

September 24—Robinson's Circus in town. Peg, Pat and Pete "kodak" the elephants.

September 25—Fall Reception.

September 28—Corn roast at Elizabeth Giffin's.

September 29—Wade receives a box of fruit from home (dates and lemons.)

September 30—Reception for students at Diamond Street Church and at Lutheran Church. Florence chaperones Alma and Paul.

October 1—Football game with Glenville called off on account of rain.

October 4—Special meeting of the Mozart Society.

October 5—Glenville vs. F. S. N. S. football. Score 35—0, our favor.

October 7—High School boys give special music in chapel.

October 8—Joint meeting of societies.

October 9—Mozarters entertain Lyceumites. Factions at peace for once.

October 11—Laying corner stone for new Normal. Euphonious parade—Wayne Martin says.

October 12—Frances Ingram. The girls in Room 16 have a Buffet Luncheon in her honor.

October 18—Senior Normals wend their way to training school.

October 20—Weenie-roast at Baxter's. Louise and "Happy" start something. Fay finds her "Hart."

October 21—New students excited over bulletin.

October 23—Mr. Bridges takes lunch at "Dorm."

October 28—Rev. Mitchell in chapel. A ghost in story-telling.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER

November 1—Halloween Party at Normal. Cider stolen.

November 3—Gale and "Baby" Payne have birthday celebration. Baptismal services turned into wedding services.

November 5—Payne tells Miss Johnson what a terrible man Danser is.

November 9—Shannon Allen's wonderful production at Grand, featuring our well-known actor, John Reed.

November 11—Rev. Goodwin at Y. M. C. A.

November 12—Monongahela Round Table. Faculty put themselves to flight.

November 15—Misses Mulvey, Rice and Fitzwater recital. F. N. P. S. meet in Mozart Hall for first time.

November 16—Wade treats Lively to a milk-shake.

November 18—Woman Suffrage upheaval at Lyceum.

November 19—Alton Packard—great cartoonist.

November 23—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. distribute baskets to the poor. Miss Fitzwater's pupils' recital.

November 24—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have special Thanksgiving program at chapel. School adjourns for Thanksgiving holidays.

November 25—W. V. U. knocks Wesleyan off the map. Big dinner party at "Dorm."

November 30—Mr. Woodley visits Normal. We are always glad to welcome our faithful friend.

December 1—Pete learns that a mouse isn't a rat.

December 2—Faculty vs. Students. Mr. Higby gives his ever-famous, eloquent address—"I have been more unpopular before and can stand it yet," etc. etc. etc.

December 6—Mary High breaks Wade's glasses at Student Body meeting.

December 10—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar. Big feature of the evening—movies admission, two for five cents.

December 13—Weber Quartette.

December 15—Rev. Broomfield at Y. M. C. A.

December 16—Supt. Wilson in chapel.

December 17—Special Christmas Program in chapel. Christmas vacation begins at noon.

1916

January 4—Greetings for the year "1916."

January 7-10-11-12—Basket-ball upheaval.

January 13—Mad rush to "Colonial" to see Madame Zenda. What will your future be?

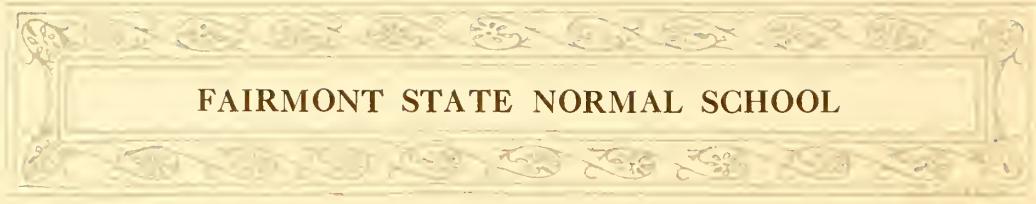
January 19—Wesleyan vs. F. S. N. S. Score 25—28 in favor F. S. N. S.

January 25—John Kendric Bangs.

January 26—Poor Wade—he isn't "Stout" enough, so he goes home.

Feb. 1—Mound Board meeting.

February 2—"Ground Hog" didn't see his shadow. "Golden Jubilee" Services begin at Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Engle gave splendid talk. "College Life Fifty Years Ago."



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

February 3—Editor-in-Chief sick in bed with her feet hanging out.

February 4—Music in chapel by W. V. U. students.

February 7—Miss McCorkle present at Y. W. C. A. Cabinet meeting.

February 9—Horn heard upon third floor at "Dorm."

February 10—Spelling Match in chapel. "Dorm" girls make raid on the shoe store.

February 11—Montaville Flowers.

February 12—Valentine Party at Dormitory. Dan Cupid at work.

February 14—Miss Fitzwater's Recital.

February 16—Helen Keller at Grand.

February 21—Mrs. DeBolt gives reading in Chapel.

February 23—"Pa" Shreve is presented with the "Golden Apple of Hesperides" by Senior Normal Class. Miss Mulvey's pupils' recital.

February 24—Brr Shreve tells a famous "Uncle Remus story," "How Brr Rabbit and Sis Wolf did Swat the Mosquitos."

February 25—Latest Musical Comedy—"The Soul Kiss," featuring Miss Leary and Mr. Shaw. (It will be noted that this first appearance of Miss Leary's created such a sensation that Mr. Higby immediately applied for the position of Manager.)

March 4—W. V. U. vs. F. S. N. S. Score 38—20. "A football game out of season."

"Zeke" is badly hurt and is taken to the hospital.

March 7—Mr. Evans lecture.

March 9—Mr. Higby "bawls" Joe Hartley out in chapel.

March 11—Feast on third floor among "Pig Alley" citizens.

March 17-18—Departing for Spring vacation.

March 27—Glee Club Concert.

March 28—Davenny Quintette.

April 1—April Fool. Spring reception.

April 3-4—Gaitty Sellars, great organist at M. E. Church.

April 5—Miss Potter, great suffrage worker of New York, organizes Suffrage Club at F. S. N. S. "Antis" organize that night.

April 7—Lyceumites entertain Mozarters. Vinetta learns that Mr. Rogers wears a toupet.

April 10—Miss Rice and Mrs. Waddell's recital.

April 12—Lecture—Dr. E. A. Ott.

April 13—Orders from chief headquarters—"You may exchange Friday Night for "Daddy Long Legs."

April 14—"Campus Course" making a great headway. News is too exciting to write. Mound goes to press.



DUKE'S MIXTURE

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Jokes

When school opened in the Fall, Miss Fitzwater was heard remark to Mr. Barnes, "Mr. Rogers must have had a hair-raising experience," whereupon Mr. Barnes replied, "Sh—, that's the kind you keep under your hat."

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Scene—Dormitory Hall

Pat (*hurriedly*)—Bee, do you have a Woman's Home Companion?

Bee—No, I'm sorry, but I don't.

Beckey's voice is heard in despairing accents—Neither have I, and I've been looking for one all my life.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Don't

—chew gum in chapel. It gets on the Faculty's nerves.

—work your neurones too hard. It was disastrous to Mr. Shreve.

—fall down the stairs. It's dangerous.

—loaf in the halls. Our teachers do that.

—fail to laugh at Prof. Shreve's jokes. They may have a point.

—spoon in the halls. It makes the Faculty feel bad.

—stay after 10 o'clock at a party. You may be asked to beat it.

—talk in chapel. People are hired for that, so what's the use of wasting energy?

—ask permission to leave the library. You might bother.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Johnson—Silk is made on a large scale in Japan.

Olin Fear—Why, I thought it was made on a loom.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The Freshman's Lament

Long days of misery, nights of distress,
Toiling and struggling, with never a rest,
Cursing and groaning, howling with woe,
All to conciliate our friend, "Uncle Joe,"
Keen-eyed and vigilant, honorable "Joe."

Visions of flunking, phantoms of despair,
Death and destruction in his fiery-eye's glare;
No hope of surviving, no way of composure,
From the wrath of this terrible "Uncle Joe Rosier,"
Sleepless, restless, inexorable Rosier.

JOKES

Third Floor Girls' Motto

“Tis better to have kissed and died,
Than never to have kissed at all.”



Mr. Brake (*in Geometry*)—All young ladies pass to the board.
Leo Patterson promptly arose.



Mr. Rogers (*in Chemistry*)—What is a fruity smell?
Glenn M.—Anything that smells like onions.



Here's to our Jolly, he of the smile,
His radiant good-humor may be felt a mile.
He's got one on Burbank, sure as there's fate,
For he grafted new hair on his shiny bald pate.



Heard in the Halls

| | | |
|------------------|-------|--------------------------------------|
| Margaret Harding | | Oh! for the land's sake |
| Pearl Stenger | |By George! |
| Lessie King | | By Golly Maggie Pete! |
| Minnie “Dick” | |I tell you, girls! |
| Dorothy Harris | |But, dearie,— |
| Malissa | |Gosh! ! |
| George G. | |By Ned! |
| Alma | |Who tied the dog loose? ? ? |
| Bee Mc. | |By Jimminy! |
| Wayne | |You betcher life! |
| Bert | |Ding bust it! |
| Glenn | |Well, I'll tell the world! |
| Laetazelle | |Dern! |
| “Pat” | |Great Day in the Jeeswax! |
| Florence | |Well, don't that beat the ears? |
| Sarah | |Suffering cats! |
| Schroeder | |That makes me so Happy. |
| “Peg” | |Heck! |
| “Ginger” | |I'm sicker than two pussy cats. |

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Up-to-Date Proverbs

Happy is the student that has a "stand in" and the student that has a "cinch," for the merchandise of them is better than the merchandise of knowledge, and the gain thereof than fine scholarship.

Blessed is the student who "flunketh" not, for such is the beginning of knowledge.

Woe unto the student who standeth in the halls, for such is the fear of Higby.

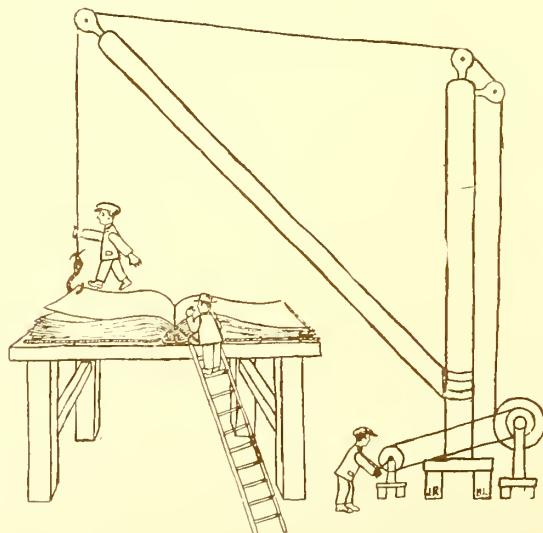
Keep the favor of the Professor with all thy diligence, for out of it are the issues of good grades.

My student, hear the instruction of the Professor, and forget not the facts of the text: For they shall make thee popular at examinations, and verily thou shalt be sought after as a seat mate.

Happy is the student who receiveth many "squelchings," for such is the beginning of popularity.

* * * * *

Here's to Mr. Barnes,
With Juniors in charge,
They cause him much trouble,
Though they're not very large.
He reads works of Chaucer and
"Billy" Shakespeare, so great,
And has started a new club
Called the "Cent-a-Mistake."



Getting Up Reference Work for Mr. Higby.



OBSERVATIONS

Observations

I—A girl is always quick to detect flattery—when it is being handed to some other girl.

II—Students are like litmus paper. They go to the committee on Classifications and Grades looking rosy, and come out looking blue.

III—While we are keeping our eyes on the top of a ladder, some other fellow is sure to come along and steal out the bottom rung.

IV—It's all right to call a man "level-headed," but you risk your life when you call him "flat-headed."

V—The postscript to most people's letters contain the essentials of what they have been trying to tell in the whole epistle.

VI—Lowell's June Day has nothing on an "A" to Prof. Shreve, when it comes to rareness.

VII—It is usually the girl with the highest heels that the men admire—never the girl with the highest ideals.

VIII—If all the moons were honeymoons,
And all the E's were A's,
Cupid could on a vacation go,
And Flunkees rise from their graves.

IX—The laboratory breeds almost as many cases as the campus course, and, so far, has given more lasting results.

X—The Democratic administration has even increased the number of "nights out" allowed to the girls at the "Dorm." Many weeks they have been given three, instead of the customary two.

XI—Some people change their minds just like clothes—to suit the environment.

XII—If you'll take these observations,
Like diamonds in the rough,
Just a tiny bit of acid
Will make them brilliant stuff.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Old Student to New Girl—Why won't you sit on my knee?

New-Mown Hay—Because my mother told me to stay away from joints.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Virginia Leary—Miss Prichard, would you mind my getting in some extra time at a night school here in town?

The Dean—No, what school do you mean to attend?

Leary—I thought I would go to dancing school.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Mrs. Nicols—Why, Margaret, what does this mean? Your report card says His. of Ed. 60.

Margaret—Oh, mother, that was just the temperature of the room.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Higby—You're not enough of a militarist, Mr. Shaw.

Victor—Why so, sir?

Mr. Higby—Every time I call on you, you're not prepared.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Unusuals

Vinetta—was quiet for five minutes.

Alma—stopped talking.

Madaline—was more interested in studying than basket-ball.

Emma Norton—started talking one day.

Miss Prichard—came to class with chewing gum.

“Billy” Holden—made an announcement in chapel.

Glenn M.—was not heard arguing anti-woman suffrage for two whole days.

“Dorm” girls—let Mrs. Snider sleep in peace one single night.

Miss Johnson—kept the windows down one day.

“Pa” Shreve—told a *joke* in Principles of Education.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Here's then to Prof. Shreves,

Famed for low grades!

For Senior conceit

He applies the “First Aids,”

Junior Psychology,

Awful dry stuff,

He pounds in and grinds in

Till they yell “enuff.”

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. McGinness (*discussing the war*)—Do you believe in preparedness?

Carrie Jaynes—Well, I wouldn't mind being in arms.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

For your love of song and technique,

For your efforts brave and true,

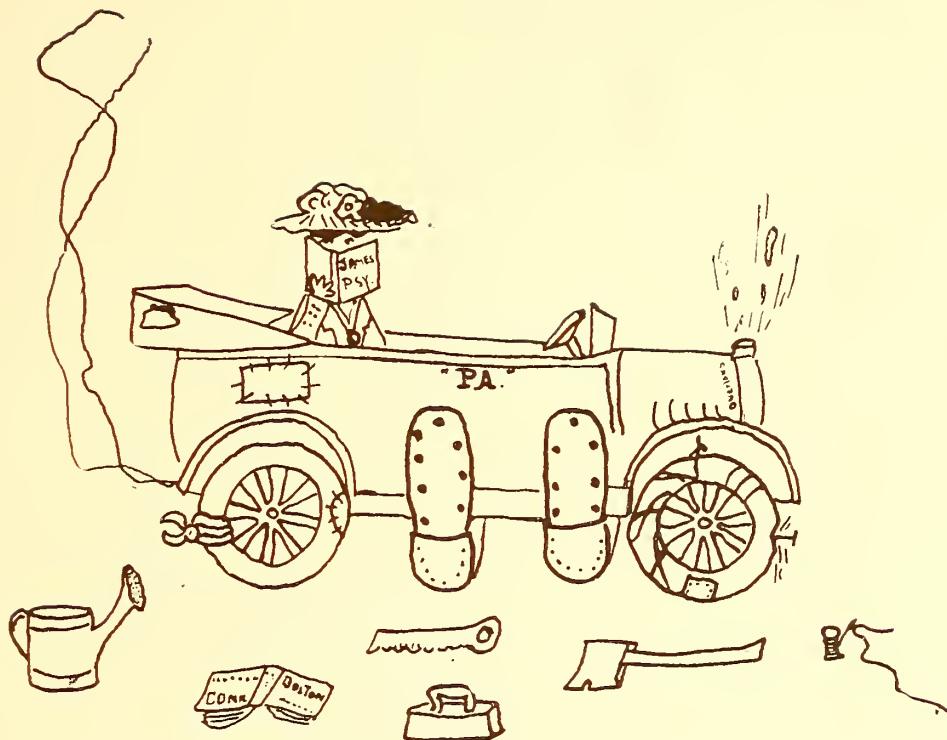
To instill within us music—

Ah, Miss Mulvey, here's to you!

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“Baby” Payne—I tell you, getting married is a serious thing.

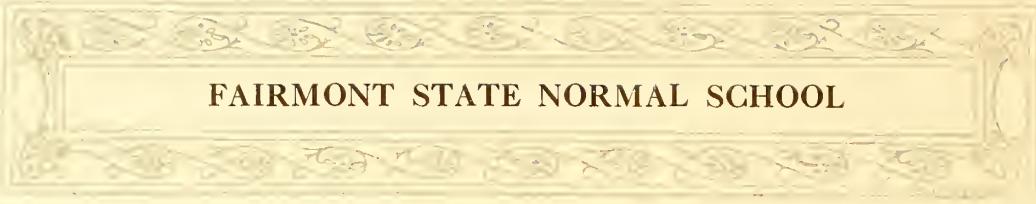
Rebecca—Yes, it is quite a responsibility to take a man to take care of.



"Pa" (*from below*)—What would your apperception lead you to suppose was wrong with this machine? Look on page 95 in James and see what is his notion of the solution of this difficulty.

Miss Johnson (*reading*)—In a word, it is an extremely complicated machine, whose actions, as far as they go, tend to self-preservation, but still a machine that seems to contain no incalculable element. Yes—yes, maybe it is just the neurones disconnected.

"Pa"—Aw, an automobile is just like a woman. It ain't got no neurones.



FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Latest Books Reviewed

“How to Make School Life Happy,” by Louise Schroeder. The plot is very intricate and has an extraordinary setting. All fundamental truths are founded upon first-hand experience. The main points of the book have a direct bearing upon a “Happy” life. It also has the tinge of a love story, but this delicate thought is handled so skillfully that there is no danger of placing it in the hands of all students.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“How to Kill Grammatical Errors,” by Mr. Teter. In this book the author breaks away from the old ways of killing the more intricate terms of English, and presents a new and more effective manner of masticating, thoroughly mixing, and hurling into the atmosphere words with such a peculiar twist that none but the best grammarians can detect the error. This work has been successfully demonstrated.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“Love and Courtship,” by Miss Lewis. The plot is very complex, although simple and easy to understand. It may be summed up into three words, “Don’t Do It!” All students should read this book.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“How to Talk at the Rate of Six Hundred and Ninety-seven Words a Minute,” by Alma Peters. The author attempts to show how one can begin talking with one inhalation of the lungs, talk continuously for an hour and fifteen minutes, without taking another breath. This work is especially fitted for girls.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“My Favorite Photo-Plays,” by Miss Toyie Hupp. The material for this book was got by many long evenings of labor. This book makes clear all fundamental points to be kept in mind, when considering the proper kind of Photo-Play entertainment. It points out the more intricate entanglements of love, courtship and romance. This book should be in all libraries.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“Through Latin on a Pony,” by Frank Payne. This work is full of droll humor. The material was got by the author as he was making a nonflunkable tour through LATIN. The aim of the book is to show the almost incomprehensible value of this particular animal in traveling this dangerous and difficult journey. This book is peculiarly fitted for those expecting to take Latin.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

“The Danger of Over-Studiousness,” by the Seniors of the Fairmont Normal School. This is an interesting sketch on a great social evil. Very valuable, and shows signs of very deep thinking. This work should not be put in the hands of Freshmen or Sophomores.

HIS PSYCHOLOGICAL IDEAL

His Psychological Ideal

“A phlegmatic wife I don’t desire,”
Said our Prof. Shreve one day,
“Her face, it must be full of fire,
To drive dull care away.
In single bliss I’ll live content,
And wait a sanguine temperament.”

“Her head must not be vacuum,”
(And here he paused to smile)
“Her brain paths must be deep and straight,
Her neurones all worth while.
Her concepts must be consummate,
Her features must not seem innate.”

“Her beauty, it must be all hers,
False hair I don’t admire;
Her teeth must likewise be her own,
True eyebrows I’ll require.
So, when I gaze in eyes so bright,
The eyebrows will be my delight.”

“And when my ideal comes along,”
(A sweet, sweet smile grinned he)
“No more in blissful solitude
My path of life shall be.
And as I sing my roundelay,
We’ll plan our happy wedding day.”

“At teaching school she must be fine,”
(And here he smiled so grand)
“Despite the fact she must be slow,
She’ll run an ‘Overland.’
Indeed, it would be exquisite
If she should meet this requisite.”

“She must be fit to make a home,
She must also be a cook,
And sure as dawns election day,
To household cares she’ll look.
There’s one thing sure, you’d better bet,
My wife can’t be a Suffragette! ! !”

“She doesn’t even dare to vote,
For her I’ll represent,
And with the matters of the home
My wife must be content.
From civic questions she’ll refrain,
And stay within her own domain.”

R. R., '16.

PERSONNEL OF THE MOUND BOARD

| Name | Nick-Name | Failing | Good Quality | Ambition | Destiny |
|--------------------|-------------|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Hazel Stone | Pat | Paul | Managing | English Professor | Editor of Bingville Bugle. |
| Wayne Martin | Jimmie | Bert | "A Man" | Dentist | Prima Donna's husband. |
| W. B. Holden | Willie | Making Announcements | Mozarter | Congressman | Billy Sunday II. |
| Florence Wagner | Carl | Carl | Frankness | A housekeeper | Member of Lyceum Bureau. |
| Minnie Dickinson | Minnie Dick | Work | Sincerity | Teaching rural schools | Beauty Doctor. |
| Malissa Cowl | Pete | Talking | Good natured | History Professor | Suffrage speaker. |
| Glenn Martin | Speeny | Jewels (!) | Arguing | Financier | Circus clown. |
| Beatrice McConnell | Bee | Woman Suffrage | Making A's to "Pa" Shreve | Doctor | "Time will tell!" |
| Bertie Lucas | Bert | Making a noise | Everything | Artist | Comedian's wife. |
| Margaret Harding | Tony | Reserve (?) | Keeping her temper | To get married | Owner of a cat farm. |
| Jaye Satherfield | I | Bossing | Keeping cool | Librarian | Farmer's wife. |
| Creed Bolyard | ????????? | Conceit | Bashfulness | President | Cowboy. |
| Arlie Cunningham | Sister | Butting in | Good looks | To get a girl | Single blessedness. |
| Paul Thomson | ????????? | None | Artistic ability | Automobile demonstrator | Book agent. |
| Loy Griffin | Griffin | Yearbooks | Slow, but sure | Millionaire | Horse doctor. |
| Pearl Thomas | ***** | Giddiness | Goodness | School ma'am | Movie actress. |
| Myron Speelman | Hiram | Girls | Angelic (?) | Designer of women's clothes | Farmer. |
| Lloyd Furbee | ***** | Pokeyness | Steadfastness | Politician | Singer. |
| Alma Peters | Pete | Gigging | Likeability | Settlement worker | Successor to Charlie Chapman. |



MOUND BOARD OFFICE

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Mr. Barnes (*to Bill Seigler*)—Mr. Paragraph, will you please read the next seigler.



Expressions with Hidden Meanings

Madaline F.—How I love the Hill(s)!

Gertrude S.—There is nothing so sweet as to hear a neigh (Nay).

Lulu M.—If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a kodak!

Louise S.—I am always Happy!

A Student—Well, Mr. Shreve said it was right!



Mr. Speelman (*shaking a boy*)—I believe the devil has a hold of you.

Boy—I know he has.



Harry Morris—Emma, if you don't sit beside me, I'll die.

Emma N.—Oh, don't, I don't have any money for flowers.



Miss Johnson (*in Geography class*)—Miss McMillen, where is Chicago?

Miss McMillen—Er—er, why, where it always was, I suppose.



What Would You Think If—

A Senior hunted all over the U. S. for the Alps Mountains?

“Dorm” girls did not know the difference between mice and rats?

A Short Courser said, “I and her went walking?”

Fay Wood-burn Harry Hart?

Margaret Nicols should get in a hurry?

A Senior should say, “I heard a mute, who went to school at Romney, say that they always went home for vacation.”



Mr. Barnes—Mr. Seigler, what is a synonym?

Bill—Er—er—, why, a word you use when you can't spell the other one.



George Gregg (*trying to be funny*)—Say, did you ever see a cow fly?

Girl—No, but I've seen a board walk.



Miss Prichard (*in History class*)—Now, I'm not a bit cranky about dates, am I?

Ella Casey —No, and it's a good thing, too. I couldn't get one if I had to.

WILL

Last Will and Testament

IN the Name of God, Amen. We, the Senior Classes of the Fairmont State Normal School, of the City of Fairmont, State of West Virginia, being of sound mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, do therefore make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, that is to say:

First—After all our credits are duly signed and recorded, we give and bequeath to the above-said Institution and the Faculty of same, our good will and best wishes.

Second—To our dear class officer, Prof. Francis J. Shreve, the Senior Normal Class give seventy-one shares of the capital stock of all the neurones possessed by the above-said class, which are now recorded in the grade book of said Shreve; also twenty-seven complete series of McGuffey Eclectic Readers, to be used on all future Senior Classes.

Third—To our beloved sponsor, Mr. Elsie Lovely Lively, the Senior Short Course Class, known as the E. L. Lively Class, '16, do give and bequeath the garden plot located at the southwest side of the above-said Normal School, together with all crops, weeds, briars, thistles, plows, harrows, hoes, rakes, spades, shovels, and other utensils too numerous to mention, that may be found on above-said garden spot at our departure.

Fourth—To our honored class officer, Miss Dorcas Mahaley Prichard, the Senior Academic Class do give and bequeath the furnishings of the ladies' parlor of the above-said Normal School to be used in the new Normal, together with all paints, powders, face creams, and other cosmetics, that may be found therein; to be used on all occasions and at all times by the above-mentioned Miss Prichard.

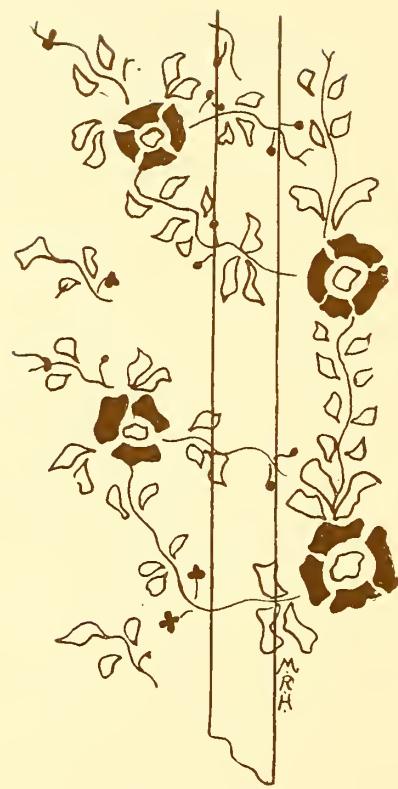
Fifth—To the Junior Normal Class of the above-said Normal School, the Senior Class of the above-said Normal School do sorrowfully give and bequeath eleven-hundred thousand lesson plans, to be bound in morocco binding, and placed in the library of the above-mentioned Normal School, to be used for reference only.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal, the twelfth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

SENIOR NORMAL CLASS (*Seal*)

SENIOR SHORT COURSE CLASS (*Seal*)

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS (*Seal*)



Donated

The
National Bank of Fairmont
Fairmont, W. Va.



| | |
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| Capital | \$400,000.00 |
| Surplus | 600,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 50,000.00 |
| Total Assets | \$5,250,000.00 |

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Easy to open.

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All our Jars are made by the new OWENS PROCESS, which distributes and forms the glass more perfectly than any other method. We own the EXCLUSIVE RIGHT to the OWENS PROCESS for FRUIT JARS, so these Jars can not be duplicated.

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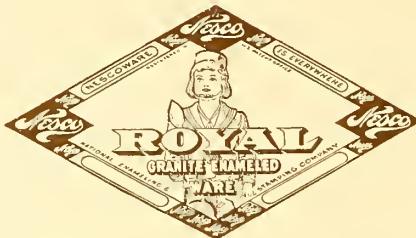
Our Steel Pipe is made of the best quality of *Steel*, and in
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Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

The Meaning of "Nesco" on Kitchen Utensils



*This is the mark that identifies "Nescoware"
Look for it everywhere*

¶ It's a very important name, one you should carefully look for whenever you buy any cooking or household utensils. It means that there is a great big, reliable, responsible company back of the dealer who sells. It means that not only in one line but in several, you can get the goods with that same mark of reputation. It's the name of the little trade character—the Nesco Boy—that represents to the buying public the organization, the service, the reliable utensils for household use.

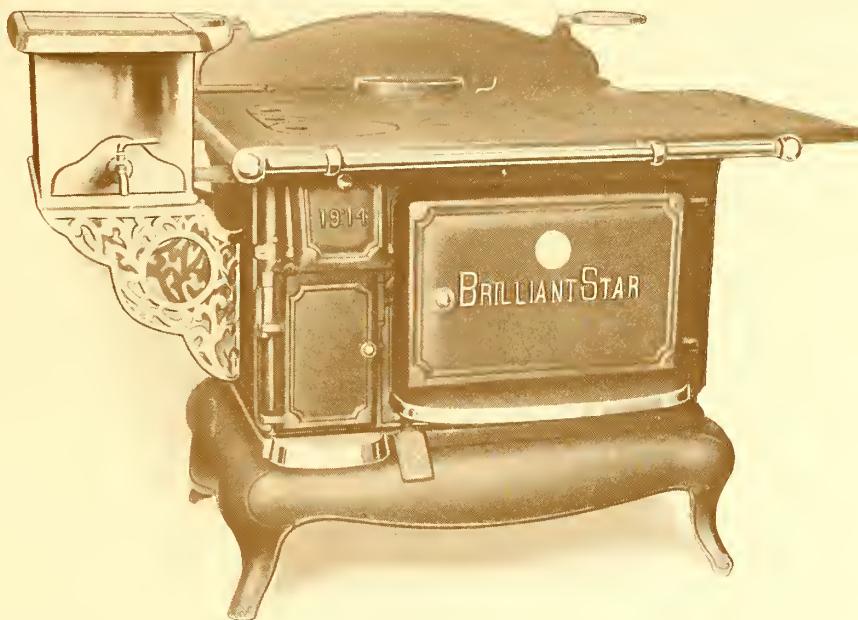
¶ It means a reliable dealer, selling a line or lines of utensils that will give you such service that you will want to come again. Included are Royal Granite Enameled Ware, Nesco Aluminum Ware, Nesco Japanned Ware, Nesco Galvanized Ware, Nesco Perfect Oil Heaters.

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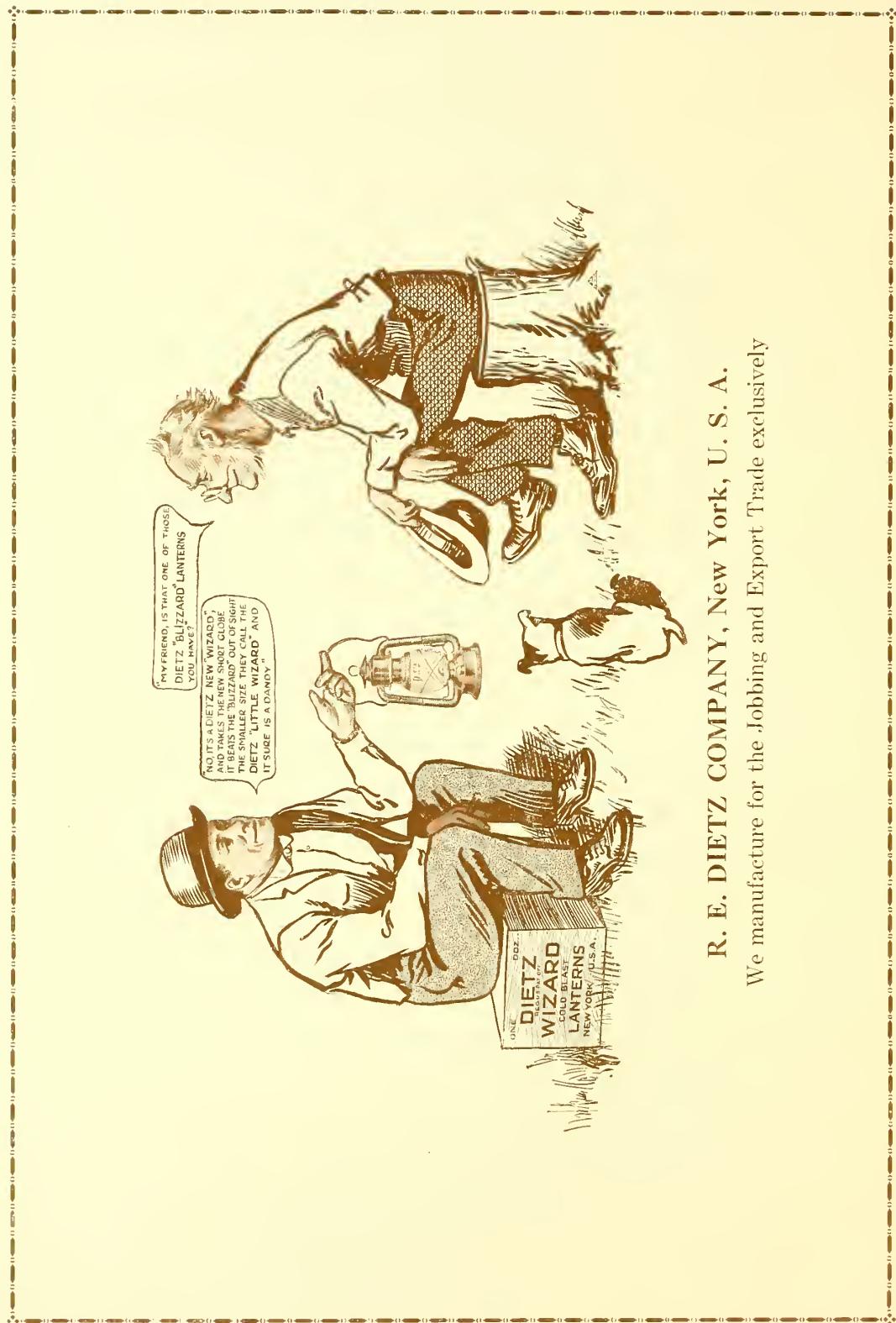


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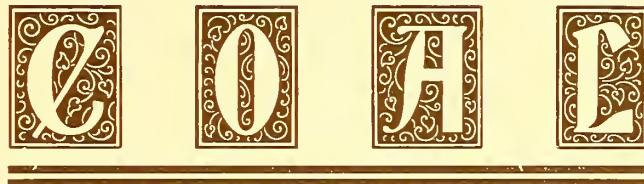
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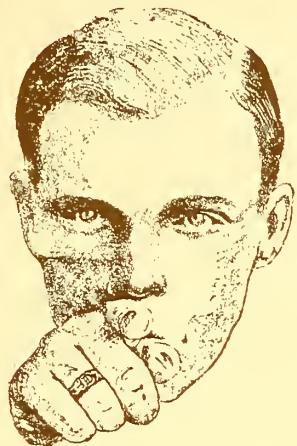
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ALBERT GRANT SINE, President

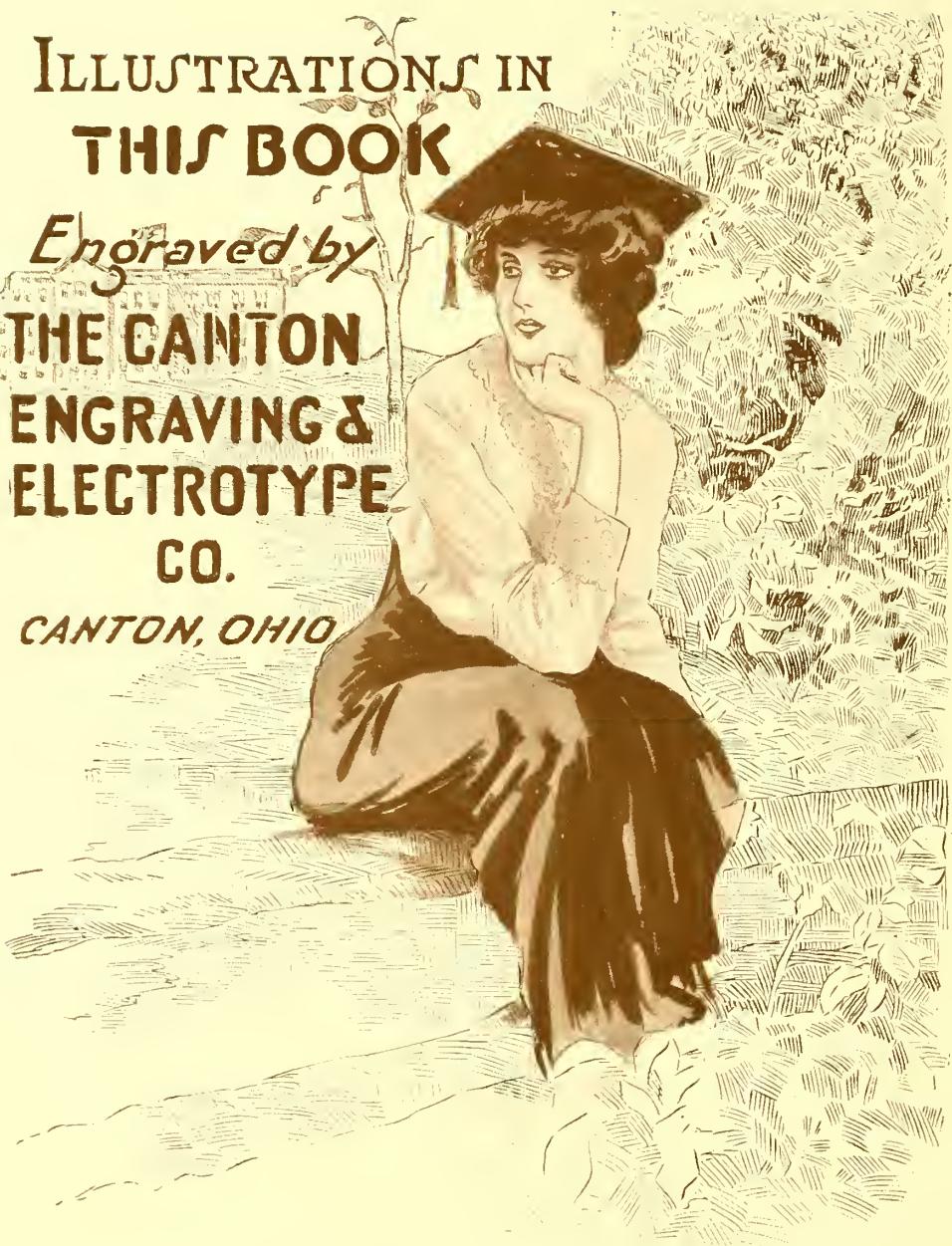
Parkersburg, West Virginia

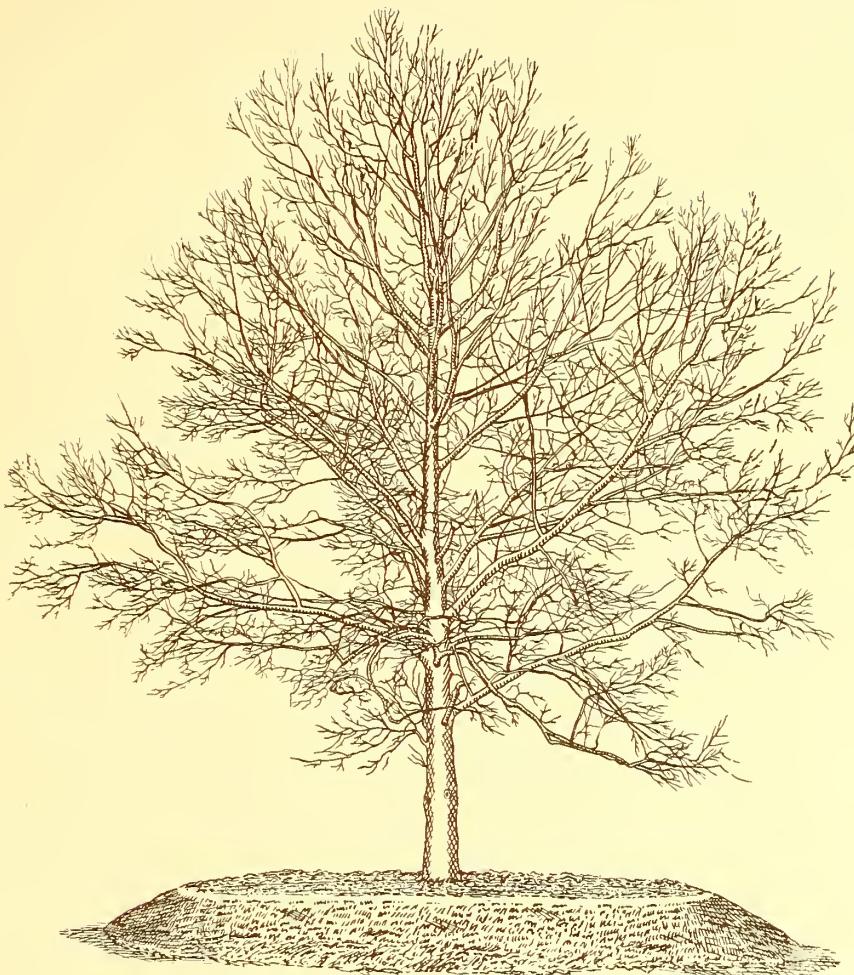
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*Business Manager
and Editor-in-Chief.*





